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The gift of

*Mr. Sam'l A. Green,
of Groton,
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Rec. Sept. 17.



Mr. J



HARRY PUFFER IN HIS BEST ESTATE.

THOUGHTS AND STORIES

ON

TOBACCO,

FOR

AMERICAN LADS;

OR

UNCLE TOBY'S ANTI-TOBACCO ADVICE

TO HIS NEPHEW

BILLY BRUCE.

*By Rev. H. W. Brackett,
Deacon, ———, ———
died at ———, ———.
———, 1852.*

BOSTON:
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P R E F A C E .

A WORD FROM UNCLE TOBY TO AMERICAN LADS.

YOUNG FRIENDS:—

This little book which I dedicate to my nephew, **BILLY BRUCE**, may fall into some of your hands; if so, a word to you from the author, will not be amiss.

The 'popular weed' Tobacco, on which it treats, is a vegetable poison; it ranks with arsenic, prussic acid, and poisons of a deadly nature. It is useful sometimes as a medicine; it is used sometimes to kill snakes, mephis bugs, lice, and all sorts of vermin, and it is a pity its natural use, should be so far perverted, as to kill boys and men.

It is generally conceded, that when used in fashionable forms it does well men no good, but often very much harm. The origin of the custom had nothing to do with

refinement or cultivated life, but sprung from the bosom of the grossest heathenism.

That was a sad hour when polished Europeans, caught its use of naked savages on our continent, for the hand on the dial plate of civilization turned backward a great way.

I am no stranger to the power of this weed on myself I shall write, rather as a Washingtonian, or as one redeemed from bondage, to this vile Master.

Owing to the tenacious power of the habit, it is not to be expected that many who are advanced in life, will give it up; the multitude long enslaved, will die in their chains.

But in the name of Patriotism, in the name of Religion, and all which is lovely and of good report, I call on you, my dear lads, to stand clear of a habit, which turns freemen into slaves.

Stand clear of a yoke, ten times more galling than the yoke of George the Third, which your Grand-sires broke. Here is a tyrant, whose little finger is thicker than the loins of that good natured old monarch.

With respect to the dress or the language employed in this book, I ought to say, it was not written for infants on one hand, nor for hoary-headed philosophers on the other; but for my worthy nephew, Billy Bruce, who in point of years is on the green side of twelve, but on the dry side of fifteen in point of information and good sense.

Billy has a brother, of half his age and not half his wisdom, who I hear is taking his first step in dandyism ; he is sucking a sugar cigar, with painted fire on the end ; next he will have a rattan cigar, next a real Havana, and then away he will go into loaferism, I fear, smoking like a steam engine. It is possible I may try my hand and ding a little book at that urchin, who I cannot but love, suited to his folly and his years ; but this is intended for youth of more intelligence and of riper character.

I must not dwell, however, upon my own authorship in this matter, for I suspect that others will think as I think, that the value of the volume lies in the Appendix. It gives me sincere pleasure to believe, that if the labors of my unknown hand should be disregarded by the public, that the names of Dr. Woods, Dr. Humphrey, Neal Dow, Hon. Horace Mann, Hon. Orin Fowler, and other Honorable and Divines, will command attention ; that what they have written to Children and American Youth on this destructive weed, will stand some chance to be read, with both profit and pleasure.

I thank these Gentlemen, one and all, for the readiness and simplicity, with which they have responded to my wishes, in being represented in a manual of such humble pretensions. To remove all appearance of awkwardness, from the arrangement and address of their letters, I should say, I requested them to write a short letter in simple language to some dear boy, or boys, as a caution

PREFACE.

against using "the weed," and these letters together with the Address of Hon. Mr. Mann, are the result of my application. The most of them replied at once; and doing better than to be over nice in diction, they pour out their hearts like water, for the benefit of the little fellows to whom they write.

Young Friends, you may see men who may laugh at an Anti-Tobacco Book for boys, but such men have not a Father's heart in their bosom. Tobacco is the Napoleon, the lion of our times. No narcotic, no Pagan God on the plains of India, no Pope, no Prince, no Autocrat, has half its power, or wields a sceptre over half as many slaves.

Read this little book, my lads, especially read these letters of love from distinguished men; disdain slavery; create no artificial appetites; be free; be natural; for in the language of Jeremy Taylor, "he who has the fewest wants, is the most like God."

Your sincere friend,

SIMON TOBY.

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LETTERS

TO

BILLY BRUCE.

LETTER I.

JESSE SHUTE WITH HIS LEMON AND FIRST CIGAR;
DRUNK AS A TOPER!

MY DEAR BILLY:—

The use of Tobacco, in either of the fashionable forms, is unnatural, or against nature. I mean, it is disagreeable, sicken-ing, and at war with all our natural tastes. When you partake of milk, honey, meats, and bread, or the apple, peach, pear, and the like, they are pleasant; for, by a kind law of adaptation, they are fitted to your wants, and hence meet a cordial recep-tion.

How is it with Tobacco? On its first approaches, as all know, nature becomes indignant, and bids it stand afar off; and if pressed upon it, all its powers rise against the enemy, and cry, "I will spew thee out of my mouth."

Not one in a thousand, has a natural love for this popular weed. In well nigh every case, when first used, there is a terrible struggle between the victim and his foe. There is a chastising and whipping process, self-inflicted!

If any Tobacco user tells you, my Billy, that it never hurt him, ask him if he was not hurt when he made war on his whole nature, and flogged himself into the condition of a slave?

The world is full of testimony on this point. Says Washington Irving, "the uses of this weed strike us with astonishment, inasmuch as we see that the ingenious caprice of man, has converted it into a universal luxury, in defiance of the opposition of the senses." This testimony is true in letter and spirit. Every natural

instinct abhors it. All the five senses, sooner or later show that they have been deceived and abused by its witchery, and had been far better off if they had never come under its fatal power.

Says the venerable Dr. Woods, "once when I was young, and knew nothing of the danger, I was tempted by an old chewer to use it, which I did for a little while; in consequence, I was suddenly sick and intoxicated, and was taken up as dead. The poison was as nearly fatal as it could be consistently with remaining life."

Perhaps, dear Billy, you will say, you meet with men who use the weed, and seem happy in so doing, whether it does or does not agree with nature. To this I answer, some use alcohol, some use opium, and some use arsenic, and live awhile by changing the order of things, and forming a second nature, they continue a few years, perhaps, under this cruel process of abuse. But is it wise to turn creator, get up a second nature, and

trample on the works of God within us? Is it wise to eat fire, swallow knives, and torment our bodies because others do?

Let me tell a story about Jesse Shute, that will illustrate my meaning at once. I was once standing on a wharf in New London, waiting for a boat to fire up, bound to New York. Whilst there, my eye was arrested by a group of small boys gathered around a sugar box. The most of them were busy in taking their first steps in laying aside the boy and putting on the man. Some were smoking, some were chewing, and some were doing their best to perfect the smaller ones in this fine art or gentlemanly accomplishment! It was on this occasion I saw Jesse Shute trying his first cigar. He was a thin, graceful, elegant boy, with a countenance expressive of fine sensibilities and a fine mind; in fact, he had that rich and delicate structure, upon which Tobacco plays almost with the fury of lightning in doing mischief. The initiatory process went hard with young Jesse. He had a lemon

in one hand, and a cheroot in the other; and he used them scientifically, I assure you.

He used them in turn. Now the little fellow would swell, pout, puff, puff, puff, and being overcome by the precious fumes, his eye would roll in its socket, his limbs give way, and back he would fall on the box, as drunk as a toper in the ditch. But his remedy was at hand: his lemon was an antidote to sickness. He greedily put it to his mouth, and drew upon it with the enthusiasm of a young calf! This neutralized the nausea; and this being done amidst the cheers and huzzas of his playmates, he would "up and at it again." And being made sick and well, drunk and sober, some half a dozen times, by his cigar and lemon, I came to the conclusion that he was a child of peculiar promise, bent on being a genteel dandy quite early, or a great smoker, as Nimrod was a great hunter.

By this time, I presume little Jesse struts and shews off in full bloom; is

quite a connoisseur in the cigar science, talks about good, better, best, of a hundred varieties or more.

I dare say, he wags his head according to rule, perfumes the streets and saloons of New London with what Horace Greely calls a profane stench; and, though he was a mere boy then, I presume were I to call him a boy now, he would say as another little fellow once said when I asked him to step aside and let me pass: "Sir, don't call me a boy, I have used cigars these three years!"

I must not fatigue you, Billy; but rely upon it, to use Tobacco is no more natural than to swallow lightning, inhale asafœtida, or live in fire. Hence you must never use it. You are well now, and neither this nor any other narcotic can make you better. If chewers, smokers, or vendors entice thee, do not consent; say to them, as Omiah, a youth from Otaheite, said to a great Englishman, who offered him his snuff box: "I thank you, my Lord, my nose is not hungry."



LITTLE DICK'S FIRST PINCH.

That is exactly the thing; Omiah's nose was not hungry! neither is yours or mine, in snuffing such fragrance. And if our American lads had the independence of this young Pagan, so many of them would not become sickly dupes to this artificial appetite; but living in harmony with their real nature, in harmony with the voice of God within and around,

“They would at once draw the sting of life and death,
And walk with nature, and her paths are peace.”

LETTER II.

THE FILTHY HABIT.

Stinkingest of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind.—LAMB

My BILLY:—

The two lines I have quoted are from the works of Mr. Lamb, a writer whose pithy poetry you have sometimes read to me. He used this fascinating weed himself; was injured by it, and wrote a farewell to its fatal filthy power, sufficient to make the ears of a Tobacco user tingle.

Its use is an impure habit. I mean it is uncleanly and excessively filthy. I have heard it said that there are one thousand tons of Tobacco, every year squirted over the face of this fair creation. For the exact truth of this remark I must not vouch; but if it is half true, I might say

with the prophet, that shameful spitting is on all our glory !

You may use it in any form, and it comes pretty much to the same thing : dirt ! dirt ! dirt ! Use it as a snuff, and as it has been said, "it makes a dust pan of the nose !" and if this is among its legitimate uses, then has there not been a slight mistake in the hang of the nose ? should it not have been placed upside down, in order to prevent a waste of this precious dust ?

Use it as a cigar, and as it is an essential poison, it lodges in the tissues of the system, perfumes and discolors it, giving it a hue resembling that of an Egyptian mummy. This form moreover turns your dwelling into a smoke-house, and to the annoyance of others, loads the surrounding air with a poisonous stench.

And here, I cannot but say that had your Maker designed you for a steam engine, his wisdom, it seems to me, might have furnished you with a funnel-like apparatus, through which your smoky erup-

tions might take an upward outlet, and not lodge upon their neighbors to their annoyance.

Use it as a quid, (rather the Yankee form) and the results are equally ungrateful. It causes your mouth to look like a sepulchre of corruption, soils your lip and chin, blackens your teeth, pollutes your breath, and makes it like that of a dragon.

I have known persons of refinement, when on beds of sickness, decline the approaches of the physician, because his person was fumigated by cigars.

I have heard the owners of hotels say, they would willingly be taxed year by year, a hundred dollars or more, could they be freed from Tobacco filth, which thoroughly permeated or pevaded their houses.

I have heard conductors of cars say, that the victims of Tobacco, gave them far more annoyance, than the victims of alcohol! They have actually stopped trains to sand floors and put cars in a state of decency.

I have known the doors of churches to be shut against the most humane causes ever plead, because Tobacco would be there to soil the house of God; and trouble self-respecting and cleanly families.

Sir, said an eloquent temperance lecturer, Tobacco has spit me and my cause out of the churches!

Still the devotees of the weed, while carrying on this stroke of business, whilst insulting earth and skies with impurity, coolly assure us, that this is a concern of their own, and beg that we may not intermeddle with their joys! This is cool indeed, gentlemen! How long, we beg to know, have you had the exclusive right to poison the common air, and impair the happiness of your neighbors in cars, hotels, and houses of God? When and where did you acquire this right?

No, gentlemen, this will not do. I say to you in the words of a lady of wit, if you must distil the wine of Tobacco, in your ivory distillery, then furnish yourself with a public spittoon of ample di-

mensions, place it in some public square, and around that let all that chew the cud, muster and look each other in the face, and spit, and spit from morning to evening, if you must, to your full satisfaction ; but do not walk at large spitting and droolling on the body politic.

If you must smoke, we pray that this baconing process, may come under some restrictions. I have heard of a city clergyman, now on the tour of Europe, for health, who has attained some notoriety in the cigar line ; the part that lacketh in theology, in the estimation of some, is compensated, by the fact, that he is an accomplished smoker, and can talk elegantly, well nigh by the hour, about dew drop Tobacco, the genuine Havana, and the like.

His wife, who is quite a termagant, sets her face like a flint, against the popular weed ; and gives her dearest but little comfort. When he enters upon the sublime business of smoking, she throws a towell around his neck, serving to protect

his shirt bosom from fire and ashes, and serving also to remind him of his days of infancy, in the nursery.

Her cruelty stops not here. In order to protect her rich parlors and gorgeous trimmings from the smoky, floating poison, she makes him an exile, drives him to the attic, and tells him if he must have a smoke-house, it shall be in the attic; if he must baconize his body, the process shall be there.

I am actuated by sheer kindness, towards this generation, of smokers. I wish that ways and means, might be devised for their good and that of the public. Uncle Toby in his wisdom, however, can recommend nothing more suitable than a free use of the towel and attic, not only for the puffing sons of Levi, I mean the clergy, but for all who indulge in the much-lauded accomplishment of smoking.

But, my dear Billy, we must not trifle about a matter so grave. Hence I say, I wish you to be a perfect gentleman and a perfect Christian. But how can you be

the one or the other, should you become the victim of this filthy weed? Can one who makes his throat an open sepulchre, his bosom a Vesuvius, emitting fire and smoke on those around him, be a Christian or gentleman in the best sense? Can one who makes his mouth a distillery of poisonous saliva, a saliva which blackens his teeth, his gums, his lips, and runs down his chin like Niagara Falls, be such? Does such a man answer to the idea of an exemplary Christian? Does he present his body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, unto his Maker?

If Tobacco is a rich dainty, and its use around us pardonable, why should not ladies become its devotees? Why should they be denied a luxury in which their husbands and brothers indulge?

What if little Kate, that you love so fondly, poisoned her system, polluted her breath, and soiled her lips with such filthy juices? Would this give endearment to her childish kiss, would this add to the fragrance of the sweet dew of her lips?

Consider, my Billy, why should not little girls as well as boys, why not ladies as well as men, strut, puff, and chew along our side-walks, load and blast earth and air with this impurity ?

What if girls as well as boys, should throw off, the restraints of decency and practice this vulgarity ? and say in language similar to that trio of loafers,

We three brothers be, in this good cause :
Jim puffs, Sam snuffs, and I chaws.

What should we think of mothers and sisters drenched in such uncleanness ? Could we love and admire them as we now do ?

My dear boy, I beg you to understand that there is a connection between purity of body and purity of soul ; that cleanliness, in the language of Whitfield, is next to godliness ; that a pure heart in a pure body, are things highly valued by your Maker. In the language of an old poet, I would say :—

“ Affect in things about thee, cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee as a flower.”

LETTER III.

SIAMESE TWINS; OR RUM AND TOBACCO.

MY DEAR BILLY:—

In point of affinity and close connection, I call Tobacco and Rum Siamese Twins. They live in endearing friendship, they nestle in each others bosom. If Satan ever had twin sons, these are the two scoundrels, I assure you. I wish you to put a few questions to the devourers of Tobacco, who you say are all about you, and who glory in their shame. They are these:

Do you know of one drunkard that does not use Tobacco? Do you know of one reformed drunkard who has apostatized, whose apostacy may not, in part, be attributed to Tobacco? Do you know of one drunkard who did not use Tobacco

previously to becoming an inebriate on alcohol?

Now whatever answers you may obtain, my Billy, rely upon it, you will find the intimacy of the two, as endearing as possible. In some sense, the one leads to the other, the one is indispensable to the other; and like two accomplished gamblers bent on swindling their victims, they play into each others hands, and steadily maintain a copartnership of villainy.

The use of Tobacco, is among the deadly foes of Temperance. It is the nature of this weed, to goad the system onward and urge it beyond its natural strength, so that prostration or debility is among the most natural results. When the victim is in this overdone state, and depression weighs down his soul, no hand will elevate him like that of strong drink.

In other words, this pernicious weed brings on sickness and miserable lassitude, and ardent spirit is wonderfully adapted to remove all this, and impart a temporary relief; and because such is its

action on the victim of the weed, its aid is often called in; and he who began his career on one of these narcotics, stands a very fair chance to end it on the other.

Such is the united influence of the stimulant and narcotic qualities of Tobacco, that the thirst it occasions, is not to be allayed by ordinary drinks, but wine, ale, and brandy, must be taken, to satisfy this unnatural demand. Hence the use of it has, in numberless instances, been the precursor of the whiskey jug and brandy bottle, which together have plunged their victims into the depths of woe.

I wish to guard you, my nephew, against the bad examples around you. Therefore I tell you plainly, that Deacon Janes, Major Gibbs, Ensign Babbet, and Parson Giles, &c., &c., who have talked loud and long against alcohol, but are this day the dupes of Tobacco, are, in my opinion, but half converted to truly temperance principles. Shun, my Billy, O shun the bad example which even these good

men, set before you! Let them be no stumbling blocks in your way. There are fathers also, that abhor intemperance, but are notoriously intemperate on the Tobacco score. How they can expect to raise up sons who shall escape the toper's doom I cannot divine; say and do what they may, their example seems fatal, completely so; many of their sons are already sallow, stupid and sickly on cigars; and when the poison, shall have shattered their nerves more and more, shall have created a craving, gnawing appetite, that shall clamor aloud for strong drink, stronger and stronger, then it will be seen, that the fair boy, now puffing his cheroot in the saloon, or in his father's face, has become a bloated drunkard, pouring blasphemy upon the Maine Law, and upon all law which crosses his burning desires for the cup of death.

John Hawkins says, in all his travels, he never saw but one drunkard, but what used Tobacco. Your Uncle Toby, my dear boy, never saw even one.

The venerable Doctor Beecher, has

somewhere said, I am told, that of all the young men who now use this narcotic, and shall continue so to do, it is fair, it is moderate to predict, that one out of ten of the number, must die a drunkard.

Thoughts like these, my dear fellow, argue dubiously for the temperance cause. If these two narcotics, go hand in hand, and the one so often prepares the way for the other, then the coming hosts of inebriates threaten to be fearfully great — the young men, who are mighty to chew and smoke, form a great army, the greatest ever marshalled on our continent; and it is mournful to think that the mark of the beast is already upon them, and a shadow, even the shadow of death, precedes them.

I have spoken of intemperance as springing from the use of Tobacco. I might speak in stronger terms. The use of Tobacco itself, in multitudes of cases, produces intoxication. The Patagonians get drunk day by day on Tobacco. People in the Sandwich Islands have been

excluded from the church for getting drunk on Tobacco. In my opinion, Tobacco users pretty generally use just enough to carry them to the point of intoxication. They dare not use more under the given circumstances; if they did they would be on the bed or in the ditch, unfit for business — “all seas over.”

You have heard much, my dear Billy, of Delirium Tremens, and supposed that its horrors could only result from the use of Alcohol. This is a mistake. Cases, I think, are rather clearly made out, both in books and in actual life, in which the disease in its fiendish and fearful horrors, resulted from the use of Tobacco. Yes, though men smile and jest about the custom, there is often something tragical and mournful, be assured, in the matter.

I can mention men, considered otherwise temperate, yes, men who are supposed to grace the ranks of temperance, who have been horrified, and horrified others, by those fiendish horrors of body and soul, which mark delirium tremens, and

nothing else. I add, in conclusion, if temperance men sometimes act a ridiculous part—denounce one narcotic and get intoxicated on another, strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, may you, my dear fellow, and your comrades come upon the stage in better shape, and adorn your professions by a consistent life.



HARRY PUFFER IN HIS BEST ESTATE.

LETTER IV.

JAMES TENNEY KILLED BY THE FIRST QUID; OR TOBACCO A MURDERER.

DEAR BILLY:—

I told you the other day that Tobacco injured the health and shortened life. It would be strange if it did not, because it is a poison, a very active poison; and this you will find everywhere confirmed by men of science and sense.

Two drops of the oil of Tobacco, says Dr. Mussey, was sufficient to destroy life in cats in three or four minutes.

Two drops, on the tongue of a red squirrel, destroyed life in one minute.

A Hottentot, placed the end of his pipe to the mouth of a snake, the effect was instantaneous; with a momentary, convulsive motion, the snake untwisted itself, and never stirred again.

I have known an empiric, says Dr. Eberle, destroy in less than twenty minutes the life of a charming little boy, by an immoderate injection of Tobacco.

People at the Sandwich Islands, we are told, carry smoking so far, that they sometimes fall down senseless, and suddenly die.

Cases are reported in Medical Journals, of babes being poisoned by sleeping in the same bed, or living in the same room, with fathers who used this poison in great quantities. The Salem papers say, in so many words, that James Barry, twelve years old, was killed by smoking cigars.

Whilst I am now writing, a lady assures me, that a little child in the town of L—, picked up a quid and put it into its mouth, thinking it a raisin, (a quid that the hired man had thrown upon the floor,) and died of the poison during the day.

There is no end, my Billy, in stating authorities, or in stating fatal occurrences, in illustrating the point I have in view.

Doctors at home and abroad, in great numbers, agree in saying that Tobacco is extremely hurtful, and sometimes fatal to life.

Dr. Twitchell, a physician of eminence, who had given this subject much attention, believed and stated that Tobacco lay at the foundation of a vast amount of disease, and of course, a vast amount of medical practice.

He often assigned Tobacco, as the cause of dyspepsia, debility, depression, epilepsy, apoplexy, cancers, insanity, and sudden deaths, and like a sound philosopher tracing effects to their causes, he specified the peculiar way in which this poison produced these mournful results. He was a terror to evil doers in the Tobacco line, wherever seen. Sinners, old and young, boys and men, felt the severity of his rebukes; and often assuming the tones of a prophet, he would announce their doom, and tell them that five or ten years of life would be cut off by this poison; and often would

he see a melancholy fulfilment of his predictions.

Should you call in question the destructive power of Tobacco, my Billy, you can easily make experiments that will fully satisfy you; but do not make them on yourself, you are immortal, you are accountable, and therefore must not trifle with all that is valuable, as multitudes do. It is cruel to use it on any living thing, but if it is to be done, then kill frogs, rats, snakes, tom cats, and the like, with this fatal poison. Should you step into the street and pick up the tip end of a cigar, and boil it down, and make a tea of it, and give it to your little barking Blucher, or the tortoise shell cat, I think it likely you would hear their bark and mew no more, for the poison has power enough to wind up their history "in less than no time," as you sometimes say.

How long would little Kate, the babe, smile and sport, should mother give it the tea of Tobacco, instead of honey-like milk. I think its moments would be few

and evil. I have somewhere seen it stated, that a college of physicians had said, that some fifteen or twenty thousand among us, were every year sent to their graves by Tobacco.

James Tenney, whom I wish to say a little to you about, was killed by the first quid, when some seven or eight years old. The sad affair came about in this wise. A visitor at his father's house, gave him a bright cent just before he went to bed. His boyish imagination played around the cent during the night, and he longed for the morning, that he might rise early, and invest his capital in sugar plums.

The morning came, but it was a sad one for James Tenney. He got up by the time the sun got up, and soon made his tracks for the store. "He down with" his coin on the counter, and called for sugar plums.

The clerk, a careless fellow, told him he had no sugar plums, but that he had something better, that he himself was eating, and passed him a small piece of

dense Tobacco, wrapped in white sugar, and told him to swallow it, and it would make him feel "first rate."

The little thing did as he was bid, but soon found himself in a dreadful situation, compelled to direct his steps homeward as fast as possible. He was sick, very sick ; he was pale and ghastly, and the blood flew from his fingers and toes, to meet the enemy and give him battle at head-quarters ; but James' nature was too young and infantile ; the enemy was too strongly entrenched upon an empty stomach, for notwithstanding much was done for him by friends and physicians by their stomach pumps, and all that, James Tenney was a corpse, a dead child in his father's arms, in about two hours and thirty minutes !

That a result so painful, so awful, would always or often occur, my Billy, I do not pretend ; but this case should be sufficient to teach you and other dear boys, that in handling Tobacco, you handle edged tools, scorpions, rattlesnakes, or something about as bad.

The sad death of James, excited much attention for a little while. The villagers became more or less impressed with the idea that Tobacco was a poison; some used less snuff, some less pigtail, and others fewer cigars; but such is the complete bondage this habit imposes, that in a little while, they all had returned to their idols and were worshipping them with a zeal which saints would do well to imitate.

The clerk who furnished the poison, became an object of execration; some called him a wretch, some a savage, and some a murderer; and his master after a boisterous reprimand, hurled him from the store, as the offscouring of all things.

Still his master continued to sell this poison to other boys, and I presume sells it still; and if all masters and clerks who sell it by arts and pranks to boys, little and great, were to be punished for so doing, I hardly know where punishment would begin or end.

And now, my dear boy, if you wish for

health and happiness, and a good old age, have nothing to do with this fashionable dirt — If sinners entice thee, do not consent; you are well, keep well, and do not make yourself a miserable invalid, as your Uncle Toby did, by forming a habit at war with common sense, and every thing lovely and of good report.

LETTER V.

**THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN WHO WEPT WHEN HIS
TOBACCO WAS TAKEN AWAY; OR POWER OF THE
HABIT.**

DEAR BILLY:—

I have already told you how hard it is to learn to use Tobacco; I must now tell you how hard it is to give it up. Dr. Paley has somewhere said, that a man will never forget the day of his conversion; if your Uncle Toby be allowed to speak from a bitter personal experience, he might say a man is strongly prone never to forget the time he began to use Tobacco, nor the time he renounced it. Both the one and the other form a crisis in his history, actually affecting both his character and happiness. Men may jest and smile about the matter, as they do about the introduction of sin in Eden; still the habit is a giant, that binds them in chains not easily broken; they are captives, and know it.

The strength of the habit, is in proportion, in the first place, to the power of the poison ; and in the second place, to the amount of damage it has done to the system. If you, my Billy, can take the gauge and dimensions of the two, then you may know something of the power of the tyrant, who holds his millions in bondage.

There is a strange fascination in this weed, when it has once mastered a man. As it is more disgusting to the taste, in some sense more unnatural than alcohol, or opium, or other narcotics, so when an appetite for it is once formed, it is the more difficult to renounce ; and the difficulty seems to be in proportion to the unnatural grasp with which the victim is held. The idea, that its use is intensely dirty and intensely poisonous, has little effect on its victim, for he is well nigh all the time in a narcotized or tobacconized state ; a little in the condition of a temperate drinker, who is always a little happy on his cups, and hence slow to be-

lieve that his cups do him harm, and slow to reform. He may wag his head and sport about his quid and his cigar, but the serious fact is just this, if there is a slave from Dan to Beersheba, he is a slave; the drunkard in the ditch, and the opium eater of China, is not a whit more so. His Maker knows this, and he knows it, or may know it if he will.

I have known men, when out of Tobacco, pick and chew the very threads of their pockets, once saturated with its power.

I have known a victim of the weed say, with tears in his eyes, he wished Tobacco a thousand dollars a pound, so that the price would place it beyond his reach!

I have known men, chew their quid over and over again some half a dozen times, when "short on't," as they say.

I have known men to dream, storm, and rage about Tobacco, as mad men, when deprived of it.

I have known men so enslaved, that use it they would, in parlors, in churches, in

temperance meetings, in cars, in stages, in defiance of all remonstrance, in defiance of all decency. And one lodge of even the Sons of Temperance, as I certainly know, passed a resolution that they would not lay aside their Tobacco, even during the hour they were convened for temperance purposes!

I saw a man who told me, that Tobacco was the dearest thing he had on earth, dearer than wife, child, church or state ; and I thought in his case, it seemed to be more than bread, the staff of life, for it seemed to be life itself to his clamorous appetite.

I know an excellent clergyman, who assures me, he has sometimes wept like a child, when putting a quid to his mouth, under a sense of his degradation and bondage to this filthy poison.

I know a distinguished teacher in the state of Maine, who for some time debated the question, " shall I commit suicide by using Tobacco, which I know is killing me, or shall I give it up and live ?"

I am told that culprits in States Pris-

ons, lodged there for crimes committed when drunk on alcohol, have well nigh all of them an appetite so tenacious for this weed, that they would prefer a plug of it to a bottle of rum. •

I have heard of an army that could put up with horse flesh, dog flesh, and well nigh starve with stoical indifference ; but when the Tobacco gave out they made the welkin ring with complaints from right to left.

I have seen the man, who said to a lecturer : sir, all you say is true, but you must not urge me to drop 'Tobacco ; I have been a slave to it thirty years, I shall die a slave ; but if my son gets into this dirty habit, *I will disinherit him* ; I will !

I have known Christian men break the fourth commandment, by sending to stores and to neighbors to procure Tobacco on the Sabbath.

I have known a temperance lecturer, of great distinction, positively decline to lecture until he had been furnished with a pipe of Tobacco, to screw up his nerves to the point of eloquence.

Now do not suppose, my Billy, that men only, are slaves to the weed; if I am rightly informed, there are mere youngsters, like yourself, in a condition equally deplorable. They seem to be past cure, neither wrath, love or money will prompt them to escape from the monster.

Thomas Jay was a midshipman on board a "man of war." He was young, delicate, talented, and a high fellow in the peculiar sense of the phrase. His deeply sensitive nature was easily wrought upon by narcotics, and at times he was much excited and maddened by their power.

He got into difficulty. He headed a mutiny among the sailors, with the intent to rise upon the government of the ship; and being detected in his criminal plans, he was arraigned, tried, condemned, and swung from the yard arm until dead.

Young, however, as he was, and genteel in his general deportment, still he was a loathsome victim of Tobacco. When seized by the arm of power, and when irons were put around his wrists, he

seemed to bear it unmoved, with stoical indifference. When ordered to a dark apartment as a prison, and when cut down in his rations, he seemed to be as unmoved as granite, inwardly hurling defiance at the captain and his officers. But there was one trial he had not passed, one sacrifice that he was to make, which was to touch his proud heart, and humble his haughty nature. The stern order was given, "take the Tobacco from midshipman Jay." As the officer advanced to take from him this fondest idol, that form which had stood so firm before, now trembled; that flinty face became softened, and midshipman Jay wept like a babe! This aristocratic and unhappy youth, who appeared as unconquerable as fate, was conquered by simply parting with his Tobacco.

I wish you, my Billy, to be a freeman, and not a slave; and hence in this letter, I have aimed to show the abject bondage to which this filthy weed subjects its victim.

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Those who never used it, are like Yankees that never saw a particle of chattel slavery, or bestowed one thought upon it.

Those who use it are more or less drugged by its power; they too much resemble Louisiana slaves, who the more they are degraded, the more they smile and sport, and bless the master that tramples them in the dust.

Those who have dropped it, are like fugitives, that have risen upon the tyrant and with the north star in their eye, they have reached the Canada shore, and bless God, and clap their hands, and rejoice in balmy liberty.

I ought to say, however, that whatever strange and mysterious power Tobacco may exert, that I have seen many a man who has met it as a hero, saying, with defiance, you have been master long enough; I will be master now; and master he has become! I have seen many a man once hoodwinked by its power, but who catching the inspiration of the evangelical convert, exclaimed, "whereas I



THE DANDY WITH HIS NINEPENNY HAVANA.

was once blind, I now see;" and has praised God for his sight.

God grant, my dear boy, that you may never make yourself a voluntary slave by the use of Tobacco, and never make yourself blind to the degradation into which it plunges its votaries.

Such is Uncle Toby's hearty prayer in your behalf.

CHAPTER VI.

JAMES DIXEY, THE BOY WHO WAS MADE A MANIAC BY USING TOBACCO; OR TOBACCO AND INSANITY.

MY DEAR BILLY:—

At the close of some public meeting, I heard a venerable teacher, who had taught school more than forty years, make the following statement: “I have been a close observer of the habits of scholars, and have noticed that those who used Tobacco were very much affected by its power. I have considered it a great disturber. Those who used it, other things being equal, were less certain, or more unequal, in their studies and recitations. They moreover seemed to be less amiable, for the poison maddened their nerves and minds, and rendered them the very worst scholars in school to govern.”

This statement of an experienced teacher is much to my purpose, Billy, for I wish to impress you with the idea that Tobacco sometimes inflicts terrible injuries upon the intellect or mind.

There is many a woman who, by the use of snuff, has made herself a raving maniac, and is now in some hospital for the insane.

There is many a man who once had a noble mind, who by the use of the quid or pipe, is now little better than an idiot or fool; and even boys of your tender age have sometimes been fearfully injured in similar ways.

God has given you a mind, my Billy, too beautiful, too promising to be thus sacrificed. The mournful injuries of which I here speak, are usually done by the action, the direct action, of the poison on the nerves.

I will try to explain this, but in order to do it, I must tell you a little about the nervous system, this wonderful portion of the human body.

The nerves are the most delicate part of

God's workmanship. They resemble fine thread, fine twine, and run in every direction from head to foot, like gossamer work, filigree or wire work, and enter and cover every portion of your body, within and without, which is accessible to pleasure or pain.

The nerves, have their origin in the brain; there is their starting point, and from thence they pass all through the body to the tip of the finger or the toe, and make a perfect conveyance of sensations from point to point all over you.

Now the nerves not only have their origin in the brain, but the mind seems to make that its particular seat or dwelling place; or the brain seems to be the headquarters of the nerves and mind alike; hence their mutual influence and dependence upon each other, and hence the sympathy between them is so perfect, that if you touch the one, you touch the other also.

Cut your finger, for example, or if by accident you should cut through your nail,

how soon is the wound felt by acute pain at the seat of the nerves and intellect.

God has formed in you, my dear boy, a far more perfect telegraphic system than Mr. Morse, or any one else, ever devised. Your cranium or brain is the telegraphic office, your nerves are the wires; and touch the wires when and where you please, with the speed of lightning you have a response from head-quarters.

Now this nervous arrangement, standing in connection with the brain, and the brain standing in connection with the mind, it comes to pass that whatever affects the nerves affects the mind, and this result is certain and unavoidable.

Tobacco, I add, is an acrid, active poison; and when placed in contact with the delicate membrane of the mouth or tongue, to all intents and purposes it is in contact with the nerves, and its thrilling power passes over them as cars pass over the iron rails, or lightning over telegraphic wires!

The effects of this drug, it is true, are not always the same on the mind, because modified by a variety of influences; it sometimes elates, sometimes stupefies, sometimes saddens; but be this as it may, the poison never leaves the large consumer where it found him; it more or less affects his body, mind and all, and by changing his very nature, he becomes in an eminent sense an uneven creature, the sport of lights and shadows as he moves in life.

Still its more common effect is, to exhilarate or excite, and thereby to urge body and mind onward, in excessive activity, and tax their powers beyond what is healthy and natural.

The mind of its victim, is often in the condition of a steam engine, moving at the rate of fifty or a hundred miles an hour, and then in the condition of the same engine, with a collapsed boiler, smashed up by the way side. Or his mind is like a race horse, all foaming upon the spring on the race-ground, or like that noble animal, half dead from exhaustion, prostrate in his stall.

Tobacco drives to excessive action; hence exhaustion and debility are the legitimate consequences; and wherever you go, you may see these over-driven animals half dead on beds and sofas, half dead in Hotels and Saloons.

Such, my Billy, being the disturbing power of this popular weed, we may well suppose, it is able to do great damage to the mind. Not only may it weaken the memory, blunt the perceptions, and the like, but it may upset the judgment, hurl reason from its throne and turn its subject into a maniac or madman!

This Tobacco has often done, and is now doing; I could give you the names of men in Church and State, of brave men and fair women, who in this terrific form, have become the victims of its power. Depend upon it, wherever there is richness and beauty of mind, wherever there is tenderness and depth of sensibility, there is something which this narcotic may blast and ruin as really as a thunder bolt may blast the most graceful

or majestic tree, that waves in the breeze.

I was once on the banks of one of our New England rivers, where Tobacco growers are beginning to abound. One of the number proposed to show me a youth, on whom the poison had done fearful execution! Having a leisure hour, I went with him to the house where the parents of the young wretch live. Though considerably advanced in life, they seemed busy, rational, hale and happy, and will outlive, I dare say, a thousand young men along that river who already have the marks of age impressed upon their features by the free use of this poison.

I had been seated but a moment, when I heard strange sounds over my head; strange indeed! Whether it was groaning, sighing, singing, shouting, sporting, howling, or any thing human or inhuman, I could not divine; but whatever it may have been, it lasted but a moment, and was simply a preparation for something more blood stirring.

All on a sudden, James Dixey, the young maniac, was in motion ; he rattled down the stair case, and whirled around the room with the fury of a tornado !

His eyes were distended, wild, and flashing fire ! His skin was greasy and of the hue of dirty brass, or a boiled chicken ! His muscles were distorted, his hair clotted, and his attitude, expression and all, were obscene and awfully loathsome !

The Tobacco demon, (I believe Tobacco hath a devil, and the *devil hath it*,) I say the Tobacco demon, who had possession of this mad boy, was by no means bashful or retiring ; he planted his victim by my side in a moment, and with a full fiendish gaze in my face, he cried out, Tobacco ! Tobacco ! with an unearthly scream, that seemed to well nigh raise the roof !

Much followed that I must not record. Suffice it to say, that on the top of his scream for Tobacco, he put questions too obscene, too horrid to bear recital.

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Before leaving the place, I made myself familiar with the history of James Dixey, so far as his being made a maniac by Tobacco, were concerned. I was told he would smoke day and night without cessation, if allowed—that the family were obliged to keep matches away from him, or his smoking operations would wrap them all in flames at midnight!

Tobacco he would have at any rate. When not furnished by his parents, he would beg it from door to door. When he could not beg it, he would steal it. When he could not get it in one town, he would go to another; and there was no peace day or night beneath the roof, when the young maniac was out of Tobacco. Such an event filled the house with uproar and confusion.

I once mentioned this case to a distinguished Philanthropist; he thought it painfully impressive. He said this poor crazy boy should be caught and painted by the skillful hand of some Master, and the loathsome picture should be

SODA & MEAD.

CIGARS

MINERAL
WATER

THEATRE

ROAD
TO
RUIN.

SCAPE
GRACE.

MOUNTAIN
DEW

CREAM
ALE

SOME WAY ALONG

exhibited up and down the land, as a Tobacco trophy, and a caution to dear boys like you, to taste not, touch not the abominable thing.

It is true, I never saw but one James Dixey, and I hope I may never see another. But I have not a doubt that a score of poor wretches like him, may be found in the asylums, dens and caves of our land.

LETTER VII.

A FARM THROWN AWAY; OR THE GREAT COST OF TOBACCO.

MY DEAR BILLY:—

It is well for the common peace that the great and frightful tax paid for Tobacco, is self-imposed; if the devourers of this poison were obliged to devour it, and pay for it, there would be dust and uproar I assure you! The reasons for using it are so flimsy, the habit so filthy, and the expense so enormous, that no foreign despot could thus lord it over men, however great or mighty.

It is not my wish to enter largely into the dollar and cent aspect of this subject, for it is the cheapest aspect; however forcibly it may strike the worshippers of Mammon.

Purity, health, sanity, freedom, self-respect, and composure of mind, all of which are effected by this narcotic, are of more consequence than money in the view of all honorable and good men.

Still as mountains of money are swept away by this baneful thing, it is well enough to say a word on this point.

You, or any youth, my Billy, can amuse yourself by making estimates of the expense of Tobacco for an individual, or a community, for a year or given number of years.

I stepped into a school a little while since, and for the amusement and edification of the lads, set them at work on expenses for cigars. The following estimates, made purposely very low, are the results of their few minutes ciphering.

A lad at fifteen years of age, begins the fashionable custom of puffing; he puffs one a day, with a slight increase of the dose, till he reaches fifty, if he live so long; and the sum he pays, perhaps not half the

sum total, is as you see, one thousand, three hundred, eighty-three dollars, thirty-five cents.

From 15 years to 18—1 cigar per day, at 2 cents each—	\$21 90
" 18 " 20—2 " " " 2 " " 29 20	
" 20 " 25—3 " " " 3 " " 164 25	
" 25 " 30—4 " " " 3 " " 219 00	
" 30 " 35—5 " " " 3 " " 278 75	
" 35 " 40—5 " " " 3 " " 278 75	
" 40 " 45—5 " " " 2 " " 182 50	
" 45 " 50—4 " " " 3 " " 219 00	
	<hr/>
	\$1,888 85

I stepped into a school of Misses on the same errand; told them I should not think so highly of the sex, unless they put a stop to puffing among the lads; and together with other praiseworthy efforts, they gave me the following calculations.

A lad begins operations at ten years of age, and on a scale still more reduced, he squanders one thousand, five hundred and fifty-five dollars, and thirty-nine cents, by the time he reaches fifty.

From 10 years to 12—1 cigar per week, at 2 cents—								\$2 08	
" 12 "	" 15—2 "	" 18—1 "	" 21—2 "	" 25—3 "	" 30—4 "	" 40—5 "	" 45—6 "	" 50—4 "	9 36
" 15 "	" 18—1 "	" 21—2 "	" 25—3 "	" 30—4 "	" 40—5 "	" 45—6 "	" 50—4 "	" 52 85	65 70
" 18 "	" 21—2 "	" 25—3 "	" 30—4 "	" 40—5 "	" 45—6 "	" 50—4 "	" 52 85	" 131 40	219 00
" 21 "	" 25—3 "	" 30—4 "	" 40—5 "	" 45—6 "	" 50—4 "	" 52 85	" 131 40	" 547 50	828 50
" 25 "	" 30—4 "	" 40—5 "	" 45—6 "	" 50—4 "	" 52 85	" 131 40	" 219 00	" 323 50	547 50
" 30 "	" 40—5 "	" 45—6 "	" 50—4 "	" 52 85	" 131 40	" 219 00	" 323 50	" 81,555 89	547 50
" 40 "	" 50—4 "	" 52 85	" 131 40	" 219 00					
" 45 "	" 52 85	" 131 40	" 219 00						

This, however, my Billy, does not tell half the story. The waste of time day by day, in the use of the poison; the waste of time in sickness and debility, brought on by its use; the waste of money on medicine and medical attendants, and nameless incidentals, make out a bill in the multitude of cases double, more than double the sums here stated.

When young men, get really into the matter, they spend twelve, twenty, and even thirty cents a day on this vile luxury. Twelve cents a day for thirty years, with interest, as you can easily see, will amount to more than seven thousand dollars! A comfortable sum this for a poor family! or a poor man amidst the chills of old

age! With such a sum you might procure a handsome Life Insurance, in favor of several widows or orphans!

The following witty calculations, my dear boy, will amuse you for a moment. They are attributed to the ingenuity of the Earl of Stanhope.

“Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch every ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taker’s day, (and he always begins early and keeps it up late,) amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every day, or one day out of ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six and a half days in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice of forty years’ standing, two entire years of the snuff-taker’s life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it. The expense of snuff, boxes,

and extra handkerchiefs is another consideration, showing as great an encroachment on his means as his time. The time and money thus lost to society, if properly applied, would furnish a fund sufficient to defray the national debt.

“ Some one has estimated the expensiveness of tobacco in this wise: Suppose a tobacco chewer is addicted to the habit of chewing tobacco fifty years of his life, and each day of that time he consumes two inches of solid plug, which amounts to six thousand and seventy-five feet, making nearly one mile and a quarter in length of solid tobacco, half an inch thick and two inches broad. What would a beginner think if he had the whole amount stretched out before him, and he were told that to chew it up would be one of the exercises of his life, and also that it would tax his income to the amount of more than two thousand dollars? Query: Would he undertake it at all?”

Says Professor Fowler—

“ A young man from Fitchburg wished

to purchase books on Physiology and Health, but said that he was not really able. I inquired what his salary was per year. He said one hundred and fifty dollars, with his board. I asked him about his habits —if he chewed? No. Do you smoke? Yes. How much? He said that formerly he smoked Fourteen cigars a day, at about two cents for each, which made over eighty dollars per year, but that his health was so much deranged that he had reduced his allowance to seven. I told him this cost him forty dollars per year, which he expended not only uselessly, but in those things that tended to shorten his life as well as to destroy his usefulness while he lived."

The use of Tobacco it is believed, is very much on the increase, particularly in the cigar form, among the young; hence past calculations fall far short of what the present should be.

But in the year 1835, Rev. Mr. Fowler, now a member of Congress, estimated the amount of Tobacco annually used in the United States, as being 52,500,000

pounds. The value of this would be about \$10,000,000. The time consumed in using it—saying nothing of loss of time by the sickness consequent upon it—he supposes to be worth \$12,500,000. The pauper tax occasioned is placed at \$3,000,000. Here is a total of \$25,500,000, or in round numbers, of \$25,000,000 a year.

Whether this is the aggregate expense now, is, indeed, a question to be determined. For my own part, I do not doubt that the waste of property, in this way, is greater now than it was in 1835. Yet if it is so, the average expense of Tobacco, at the above estimate, for each man, woman and child in the Union, is about one dollar and forty cents; or several dollars each for those who actually use it.

Dr. Mussey estimates the weekly expense of a single smoker in Cuba at eighty-seven cents. But even in our own United States, I have known many a poor family that consumed, in smoking and chewing, at least twenty-five cents a week,

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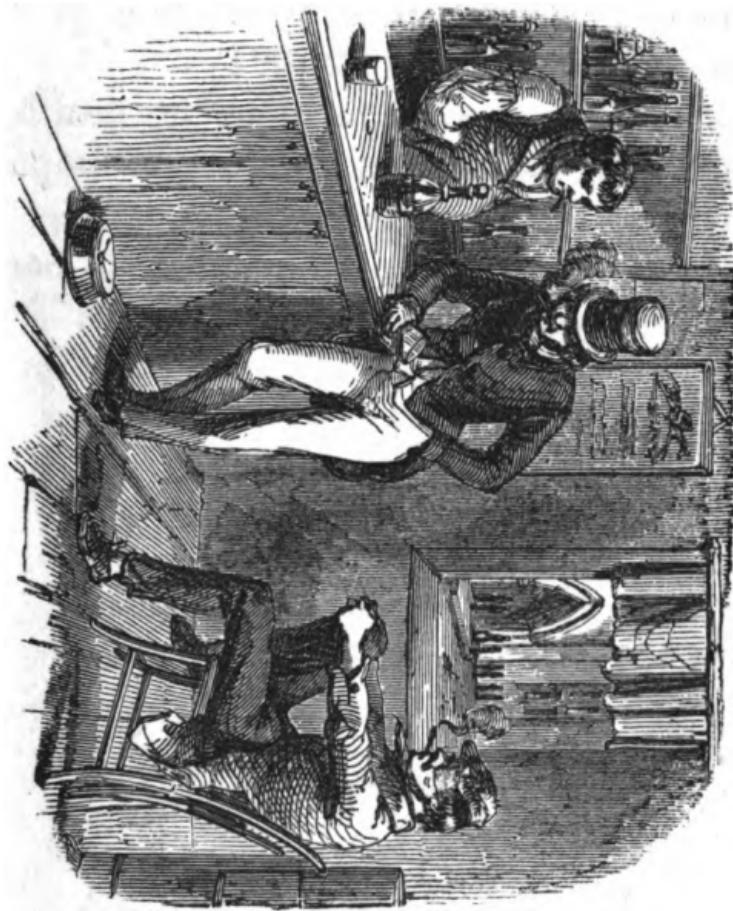
throughout the year. This, in forty years — and many families continue the use of it so long — would amount to \$520; or if placed at compound interest, from year to year, to more than \$2,100!

I ask, moreover, is time, is health, is strength squandered in the consumption of this article of no consideration!

How often do we hear of sheds, barns, depots and of beautiful squares in great cities, laid in ashes by the fire of a cigar!

One much wiser than Uncle Toby, has exclaimed, behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

STILL FURTHER ALONG.



LETTER VIII.

THE JUVENILE ROGUES AT THE WESTBOROUGH SCHOOL; OR CRIME AND TOBACCO.

MY DEAR BILLY:—

Documents, relating to the State Reform School at Westboro', now lie before me. I see that of the whole number of young criminals that have entered this establishment, 290 had used Tobacco before going there. This I think an instructive fact, which, with other facts, the same in kind, leads me to believe that there is a connection between Tobacco and crime, as well as between Alcohol and crime.

I have thought of the matter a good deal; and in my opinion, Tobacco is very much of a demoralizer. It sadly affects Morals and Manners. I have conversed with a great many gentlemen of sense

and worth about the use of this weed, and I wait to see the first man who says there is any thing of Christianity or civilization, any thing refining or ennobling, or gentlemanly in the practice.

There is something instructive in the origin of this habit; from whence does it spring? Does it come from seats of wisdom and learning, from the walks of refinement and purity? Do religion and philosophy bow, and bestow smiles upon the votaries of the weed? O no, its origin was barbarous, heathenish, savage! What degradation was that, when Columbus or his comrades bowed the knee, and learnt to smoke Tobacco of painted savages in a state of nudity!

As you pass along the side-walks in many of our cities, you are often accosted by the strong stench of Tobacco, pouring out of doors and windows; your eye is arrested by the full sized statue of an Indian, armed with bow, arrows, tomahawk, and all. The savage stands there with a bunch of cigars, or a stock of

Tobacco, to salute Christians as they pass, and he seems to say in taunting words, "you have poisoned my race by rum, I have poisoned your race by Tobacco; the red man has had his revenge!" Now I think this savage, standing at the doors of Tobacconists, perfectly in keeping with the trade; it constantly reminds us of the low origin of the matter; and it is only to be regretted, that savages had not the whole business in their hands, and that civilized men had any thing to do in the way of traffic with this destroyer.

If you ask, my Billy, how does the use of this weed demoralize and lead to crime? I answer that it does this in many ways.

It leads to a waste of time. Very much of this *invaluable* is thrown away upon this lust, in Taverns, Shops, and common resorts.

It leads to a great waste of money; many millions are squandered upon it, year by year, which are needed to enlighten and bless our suffering race.

It leads to a selfish state of heart. Its

victim will commonly enjoy his idol, however offensive it may be to others ; and I speak advisedly, when I say, there is not so selfish a habit that deforms human character, or is so annoying to the walks of life. It is the quintessence of selfishness.

It leads to places of the deepest infamy, where slander, blasphemy, and broils have a constant gala day, where the songs of the drunkard seldom die away ; where things lovely and of good report have no abiding place.

I should be glad to ask some devotee to Tobacco, who glories in his shame, a few questions. This is a specimen : Sir, where is there a dram shop, where is there a gambling house, where is there a den of robbery, where is there a place of filth and vermin, above ground, or beneath, where Tobacco does not make its lodgment, and have its will and way ? Where ?

Sir, where is there a libertine, a pirate, a robber, a blackleg, a scape-gallows, a scoundrel of any name or shape, that does not use Tobacco ?

Brethren, said Doctor Strong, of Hartford, many years ago, it has been charged that I said, every democrat is a horse thief; I never did. What I did say, was only, that every horse thief is a democrat, and that I can prove. Now, I do not say, that every lover of Tobacco is a blackleg or a villain, but I do say, shew me one blackleg, from Dan to Beersheba, who does not use the weed, and I will shew you a sea serpent!

Ah, my Billy, Tobacco has to do with the vilest of the vile, it is a member of a vile group or family, each member of which is little better than an imp of Hades; therefore, keep your distance, do not marry one member, lest you be saddled with the expenses of the whole pack.

There is, moreover, in the fumes of the cigar or pipe, an opium-like soothing efficacy, well fitted to banish remorse from the bosom of a savage sporting over a bloody scalp, or a pirate dancing upon his blood-stained deck; and if I mistake not, its aid

is often called in to execute mournful and horrid offices, or to allay remorse in view of deeds of blood. It is notorious, that Alcohol has frequently been used for such purposes, and I am of opinion that Tobacco is now made to answer this same end still more frequently than its great rival.

The editor of the Chenango Telegraph, in giving an account of the execution of George Dennison, says, that while standing upon the fatal drop, and during the exhortation of the clergyman, the prisoner asked in a whisper for the tobacco box of the Sheriff, from which he coolly took a quid, deposited it in his mouth, and returned the box. In ten minutes he was launched into eternity!.

On the morning of the day that Hamilton, who shot Major Birdsall, was to be hung, the clergy passed two hours in solemn exercises with him. After the clergy retired, the keeper asked him, if he wanted any thing else ? He replied, you

may get me a paper of Tobacco. On a second thought, on examining the paper he already had, and measuring it by the few hours he had to live, he said this will last me.

I will state but one more case. It is that of the late Professor Webster. In this, I make no wanton use of the exceptionable habits of that eminent criminal; I merely refer to facts made public by public journals and otherwise.

During the imprisonment and trial of Dr. Webster, very much was said of his censurable habits. Each day made its peculiar disclosures.

We were told of his high living, and of his cards and wines; but as his execution drew near, his cigar box came more into notoriety, and seemed rather to eclipse what had gone before. We were made familiar with the very details of luxury in the smoking form, with the flavor, hue, and aristocratical price of his cigars, and how often he repaired to them for repose.

I should judge from the tidings we had from that unhappy cell, that no comforter was more potent or soothing than that found in the cigar box. Its aid was invoked by day and by night. In the silence of midnight, when deep sleep falleth upon man, even then, the soothing power of this narcotic was in requisition, perhaps to dispel fearful visions, and furnish the soul with a quietus.

At last the fatal morning of execution comes! The soul of Professor Webster is about to enter eternity and stand before a Divine Judge! It is a busy scene. Much is made to pass before us. We are told of the scaffold, of greedy and rude spectators, of the movements of the officers of justice, of the solemn duties of the Chaplain, of the appearance of the prisoner, and of the last courtesies that pass between him and those around him; but on this memorable morning, we are informed, I think, that this *mysterious narcotic* acts its part, that even here is a theatre for the ruling passion strong in

death! Alas! alas! poor human nature. Did a conscience, which sought composure from a cigar box in time, leap upon the same comforter on the brink of Eternity!

I fear, my dear Billy, that I am taxing your patience unduly in thus dwelling upon this point; and therefore I merely say, that I believe Tobacco degrades those who use it in many ways, sears the conscience, hardens the heart, involves in crime, and destroys the soul. Never, my dear fellow, never sear your conscience! never murder its sensibilities. Let all the moral emotion you have touching right and wrong, live, glare, and bear sway in your soul, uninjured by such drugs and poisons as Tobacco, Opium and Alcohol.

Great men and good men, I well know, have used it, and to some extent use it still; yet nine to ten will tell you, that Uncle Toby is pretty much in the right, and will advise you not to use it. They will tell you, that had they never touched it, they should have been more healthy,

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more happy; that they abhor the habit, and should have better reasons for self-respect, had they never come under its bondage; for they really are ashamed of their chains.

ALL HAIL TO THE



LETTER IX.

A SMALL LEAK SINKS A GREAT SHIP; OR THE SOUL AND TOBACCO.

MY DEAR BILLY:—

The use of Tobacco, violates the laws of life; or impairs the life principle in man. I have pointed out a few ways in which it impairs the body and mind; as I close I must touch on the injury it does the soul,— the more important portion of our nature.

It does this directly and indirectly. There is fellowship and sympathy running through the whole of our structure. The different parts are bound to each other; they flourish, suffer, rejoice and weep together; and you may rely upon it, that if so powerful an enemy as Tobacco, gets possession of the body, it will soon

have possession of the soul and mar its beauty.

Men make a great mistake when they overlook the intimate connection existing between the body and the soul; or suppose the welfare of the one has but little to do with the welfare of the other, and that a pious soul can dwell in an impious or licentious body.

They make a great mistake when they suppose that our Maker, who requires a pure heart, does not also require a pure body. He does; his word abounds with the idea that the soul, body, and all, should be consecrated to his service.

Read the book of Leviticus, my Billy, and you will see, that the great and grand idea found there, is physical purity; there, under that ancient economy, our Maker requires a cleanly priesthood, a cleanly altar, and a cleanly people; a cleanly sacrifice; every thing cleanly; and if unclean animals who chew the cud, tell you there is nothing in the Bible against Tobacco, tell them *there is*, for the whole of God's ancient

economy may be hurled as an avalanche against the filthy practice. Our Maker abhorred dirt *then*, and be assured he abhors it now. He gives us to understand, in many ways, that physical depravity, or bodily impurity, and all lusts of the flesh, are his abhorrence, and that He sets a high value on a pure heart dwelling in a pure body.

Jeremy Taylor has somewhere said, that our bodies should be vestry rooms and sanctuaries for the Saviour; and an apostle has said, that the bodies of good men are the temples of the Holy Spirit; and if this be so, I think we have no more right to sin against the temple, than against the Great Occupant of the temple.

That was a pathetic touch of Dr. Mason's, of New York. He was burying a beloved son; as the bearers were descending the steps of his mansion on Broadway, by a mistake of the feet, they jostled the coffin containing the body of the son so dear to the parental heart; the eloquent father exclaimed, "be careful,

young gentlemen, be careful; you bear upon your shoulders the temple of the Holy Ghost!"

Yes, Billy, though the mortal part will soon say to corruption, thou art my father; to the worm, thou art my mother, and my sister; still the mortal part is of consequence, as the handmaid of the soul; it is of consequence, because while allied to the soul, it can load it with enduring pangs and horrors.

Is it said, Tobacco has nothing to do with religion, or the soul? Believe that, who can! Can you spend days, weeks, months, perhaps years, in puffing vile smoke, and not sin?

Can you waste health and energy, and cause the strong man to bow himself, before he has lived out half his days, and not sin?

If such an outright waste of things so valuable is not sin, what is sin? Sin, is sinning; smoking, snuffing, chewing, is a lust that wars against the soul; hence it is

sinning ; sinning injures the soul, and nothing else can injure it.

So manifest is this to my mind, that I think I have the concurrence of every intelligent and pious man, for such will generally confess that the habit is idle, costly, and impure ; that it does much harm, and no conceivable good.

An excellent officer in a Baptist church, who had long chewed the cud, was in his family devotions on a given morning ; and as he read the Bible, he came to this verse, “ whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.” In an instant, being impressed by the divine word and spirit, with the sinfulness of the habit, he at once turned to his companion, and exclaimed, “ wife, how in the world am I glorifying God in chewing my quid.” He cast the poison from him forthwith, and never again defiled his mouth by the impurity, and became a better and a happier man.

A delicate and honorable sense of duty touching the glory of God, should, I think,

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prompt every good man to do the same. Moreover, I think Tobacco, with the many who have long used it, is an object of idolatrous regard. It is thought of among the first things in the morning and among the last at night, and holds that place in the soul, that neither wife nor child has a right to hold, and which belongs only to God supreme.

If I ever saw idolatry among my fellow men, I have seen it among the votaries of this weed. If idolatry is a sin, those who use it are sinners. If idolatry obstructs salvation, and excludes from heaven; if it chains its victims, and hands them over to Satan to do his behests; sure I am that this popular weed is doing the same with many, very many, who are unconscious of their peril.

It is, I conceive, at the present time, a great agent of Satan in the destruction of mankind, and particularly of the young.

There is an amusing dream going the rounds of late, which in part illustrates

the idea before us. It is told so well by Doctor Cale, that I prefer to use his language rather than my own. It "relates to an old lady," says the doctor, "who was professedly very pious, but allowed, for many years, her devotions to her pipe, like thousands in the church, to exceed her devotions to God. She was more sure not to forget her vows to this carnal appetite, than not to forget her closet for prayer. One night she dreamed of an aërial flight to the regions of the spirit world, where not only her eyes could feast on the beauties of elysian fields, but where she could converse with perfected spirits. One of these she asked to go and look for her name in the book of life. He complied; but at length returned, with a sad countenance, saying it was not there. Again she besought him to go, and search more thoroughly. After a more lengthly examination, he returned without finding it. She wept bitterly. But she could not

rest till a third search should be made. After a long and anxious absence, he returned with a brightened countenance, saying it had, after great labor, been found; but that so deep was the covering which years of Tobacco smoke had laid over it, that it was with great difficulty that it could be discerned. She awoke, and found herself prostrated with weeping. It is not for me to say whether there was, or was not, any divine instruction in this dream; but it produced in the old lady a repentance from her evil habits, and a pious resolution henceforward to give unto God, not a divided, but a whole heart—to cast the idol at her feet, and lay no more of her time, and money, and vital energies upon its unholy altar.

Tobacco, I add, is a mortal, deadly drug; and as such, it may *drug* the soul to its ruin. It is very true its action is varied in relation to the system; but whether considered as exhilarating or exciting the mind, or as stupefying and deadening it, it is all bad, because it never permits it to be in a natural state.

Now religion, my Billy, encounters foes enough when it addresses minds unembarrassed; how much worse, when mind is so excited by this agent as to feel rich, and so rich as to disdain the proffers of heavenly mercy and love! How much worse, when it is so drugged as to be stupid, and exhibit the insensibility of a brute in relation to religion, and things divine.

Now with the large consumer, it is no matter where you find him, he is always narcotized; no matter whether he is wide awake or stupid, he is never in that calm state so desirable in all our intercourse with God with whom we have to do.

We speak of men being drugged and drunk on alcohol, opium, morphine, and other ingredients at the druggists; but if the truth were known, perhaps it might appear that a score are drugged on Tobacco, to one on any thing else.

And if actually intoxicated, of what consequence is it whether they are intoxicated on preparations of Opium, Tobacco, or

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Alcohol? The work is done by any of these agents, therefore let us not be hoodwinked by names and sounds.

If the victims of alcohol, find it difficult to enter the kingdom, I wish you to understand, my Billy, that the victims of Tobacco, are pretty much in the same condition. I fear that many young men, and even dear boys about you, are in a sad case.

Some of them seem to be excited and maddened by this poison; some seem to be laboring under great debility, and sinking to the grave with consumptive complaints, whilst all pretty much are charmed by the foul charms of this destroyer, and care but little about the charms of the gospel.

Tobacco is destroying them. It is weaving their winding sheet. It is digging their grave, and neutralizing the gospel, which should be the wisdom and power of God unto salvation.

Though the evil it inflicts is more personal than that inflicted by alcohol, still I

think the church, the State, the body politic, all suffer by its insidious power. Hence, in the language of a great man, I would say, who can see groups of boys of six or eight years old, in our streets smoking cigars, without anticipating such a depreciation of our posterity in health and character, as can scarcely be contemplated without horror and pain?

I exhort the young and old, says Doctor Miller, to guard carefully against the use of Tobacco in any form. I say to them with emphasis, touch not, taste not, handle not. And when I see boys and young men, chewing their cud, or smoking their cigars, I say to myself, these dear young people are infatuated, and probably on the road to temporal and eternal ruin.

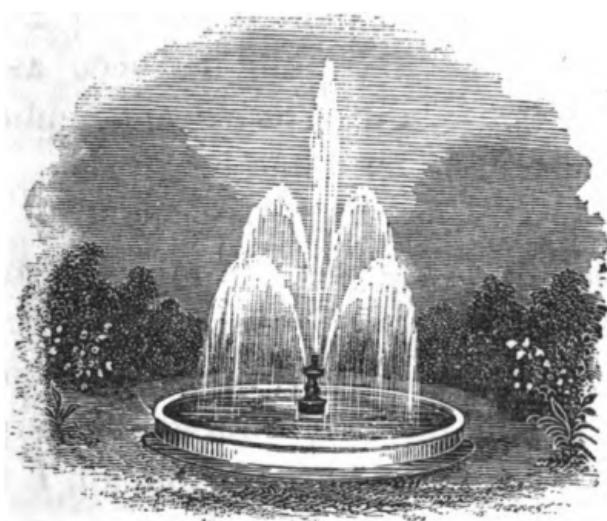
You perceive, my dear Nephew, that your Uncle Toby, does not stand alone, in his notions about Tobacco, a cloud of witnesses might be summoned to sustain what he has advanced.

LETTER X.

▲ WORD IN CONCLUSION TO AMERICAN LADS.

YOUNG FRIENDS, I am done with Billy Bruce, he is as free from Tobacco as a seraph or a rose, and is as clever a nephew as a fond uncle ever doted over.

But as I know, that many youths far and near, use this narcotic, and are injured by it, I cannot close without giving two or three hints respecting reform and cure. If any deem this superfluous, I simply say, that I am considerably abroad, I am not unmindful of what is passing, and I testify that the merest boys may be seen taking their first lessons in the odious practice to a painful extent. They smoke rolls of paper, grape vine, rattan, cigarettes, and all that kind of thing, and bid fair to be, by and by, brawny and swarthy puffers of the weed. Our schools are much pol-



THE CURE.

luted. In a school of 450 scholars under one roof, nearly 300 had used Tobacco.

In another school, one half. In another 28 scholars to 30. I hope, indeed I believe, that schools generally are not in so sad a condition as this seems to indicate; still I ask the friends of the church and state to point out one feature of the times more alarming than the strong Tobacco tendencies of the rising generation.

But I am addressing American lads, rising youths, and not churchmen or statesmen; and I wish you, my dear fellows, to see and to understand the evil in question.

One reason that many men see no harm in the use of Tobacco is simply this, they are besotted by its power. Blindness has fallen upon them. Many a devourer of this drug is as blind as a bat, or an owl, amidst the effulgence of day.

But I wish you to understand that this habit is essentially vile, and in deadly conflict with your nature, impure, unclean, and expensive; that it wastes time,

strength, property and character, and must sooner or later injure your whole person, body, mind and soul.

My dear fellows, I begin my advice respecting the cure by saying, banish the idea that some entertain, that this habit cannot be abandoned. It can. It has been by thousands, both young and more mature; and you are in a sad dilemma if already past cure. It would be singular indeed, if adults and aged men, like J. Q. Adams and Dr. Nott, could sunder chains they so long wore, and you, young as you are, be utterly helpless in asserting your liberty. Believe that who can!

Again: don't merely *try* to give it up. But bring your stern, resistless will to bear down upon the vile thing, hurl it from you finally and for ever; and invoking the eye of Heaven to witness the transaction, the manly resolve, that, live or die, you will have no more to do with Tobacco, and "Satan will flee from you," never, never to return; because, by thus doing, you will have dug an impassable gulf of separation.

Give it up, fully and finally. This tampering with the matter, this parting with it little by little, leads to difficulty ; it keeps the appetite on the stretch, and temptation for ever on hand. A cruel, excruciating way of doing the thing ! A little like shortening the dog's tail inch by inch ! A little like drawing a friend from the fire inch by inch ! Away with such nonsense, my lads ! taste not, touch not, handle not, and take the Teetotal attitude at once.

Use no substitutes. Some chew various flowers, spices, gums, sticks, and nameless ingredients of a noxious kind ; some fly from one form of the poison to another, from pipes to cigars, from cigars to snuff, from snuff to pigtail, and box the compass round and round, to easily slide off from the habit. I advise you to do nothing like this, but cast it from you entirely and for ever, utterly forsake, utterly forget it, if it be possible.

But you may ask, in this connection, is there nothing to aid a poor fellow in parting with such a deity, or such a fond

idol as Tobacco? Yes, there are a few things, that may tend to ameliorate the process. When you, my young friend, have firmly resolved that, come what may, you will no more indulge in this impure habit, then you will do well to be completely busy in some genial employment, in order to fully occupy your mind; you will do well to restrain your appetite for food, which will be very much increased; join some band of young Cadets; sign the Pledge; circulate the Pledge, and thereby, in a pleasing form, do good by rescuing others from a pernicious habit, as well as yourself.

In justice to my own experience, however, I must hint at the agency of pure and sparkling water in this connection. Tobacco, freely used, I have already said, narcotizes, poisons, changes the man. He has another nature. Water, fitly used, is a mighty renovator. Specimens of its great and salutary power are by no means rare.

I must not enter into detail. Hence, I merely say, that if any one is bent on

being rid of this poison, — a poison which lodges in all the tissues of the system, and defiles the whole body, — he will find great aid from a free use of this truly glorious element. Let him use it clear and cold, inwardly and outwardly, as a bath and a drink; and not many weeks will pass, before he will have felt its renovating power, and bless his Maker for its agency. Make yourselves familiar with its virtue, my young friends. Plunge in it, rinse your mouth in it, drink it freely, and it will give such vigor to both body and mind, as Tobacco, and no other drug, ever gave. Try the blessed fountain, be sprightly and live.

“ All hail to pure cold water,
That bright rich gem from Heaven;
And praise to the Creator,
For such a blessing given!
And since it comes in fulness,
We'll prize it yet the more;
For life, and health, and gladness,
It spreads the wide earth o'er.”

MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

Try it at once—reform at once. A country minister being invited to preach

the weekly lecture to a congregation in the city of New York, after dismissing the people, took out his Tobacco, and began to chew the filthy weed. A member of the church remonstrated with him on the sinfulness of the practice, and stated that he could not expect impenitent sinners under his instructions would give up their sins, while he indulged in a sin himself. "I know it is wrong," said the minister. "I have often resolved to give up the habit, but I have not resolution enough to persevere."

"Why," said the other, "that is the very excuse the impenitent give for not repenting and forsaking their sins."

"Well, I'll think it over as I go home," observed the minister, "and perhaps I'll give it up."

"That will not do," replied the church member, "for we never allow this, if we can help it; we exhort the impenitent to repent on the spot; we never tell them to go home and repent, nor do we pray that they may repent when they reach home."

“ I see,” said the minister; “ I cannot get away so,—therefore I will try to give up chewing.”

“ But,” remarked the other, “ that will not do, either; we never urge sinners to try to give up their sins,—do you ? ”

“ Why, no; I think it wrong to intimate that they cannot do it at once.”

“ Will you act then as you preach, or let your conduct give the lie to your preaching ? ”

“ With the help of God,” said the minister, “ I will leave off the practice from this moment.” He did.

Now, my dear lads, as you and Uncle Toby are about to part, with the tenderness of a parent he would say, if you use this vile weed, quit it at once and for ever. In the language of Doctor Shew, “ **BREAK** off, and all the gold of California could not bless you as much as that single decision and practice. In a few days you will get habituated to do without it, and in a few weeks you will be a newly organized person

—not in your physiology merely, but in your whole tone of feelings and cast of mind. A pure, virtuous, elevated, holy, aspiring state of mind, will take the place of that corrupt, debased cast of your faculties which tobacco has produced, and your progress in all that is good or great will be ten-fold more rapid than it now is. By all the value you place upon yourself, then; by all the solemnity of the laws of your being; by all the authority of the direct command from God, not to do violence to body or mind; you are thereby imperatively **COMMANDDED** to **ABSTAIN, AT ONCE AND FOR EVER**, from this body-destroying, soul-vitiating narcotic, in all its forms.”

APPENDIX.

FROM HON. HORACE MANN.

ADDRESS TO CHILDREN ON THE USE OF TOBACCO.

MY YOUNG MASTERS: — Did you ever see a moth fly into a candle and burn its wings off? I seem to hear each of you say, "I have; and a foolish creature he was too." But why do you call the moth foolish? Did he mean to burn off his wings? "Oh, no," you say; "but he saw how bright the candle was, and he had no more brains than to think it would *feel* as pretty as it *looked*." Aye, that was the mistake, was it? The bright candle was

a temptation to him, and he only did what people who have a thousand times more brains do,— he fell into temptation. Now, my young friends, there are temptations that attract men, as the candle attracts the moth, and they rush into them and are consumed.

Some of the temptations that beset men are dazzling and beautiful ;— such as power, fame, or magnificence of living ; but some, on the other hand, are very poor and mean, very unnatural and disgusting ; and we should think before hand, that any man having as much brains as a moth would despise them.

I wish to call your attention to one of the lowest and poorest of tempters. It is called Tobacco by those who use it ; but wise men call it the “vile weed.” And a very vile weed it is. There is nothing in its history or in its use, in its looks or in its effects, that is not odious and disgusting to the natural tastes of all persons. A child takes to milk, and honey, and strawberries ; but he is disgusted with

assafœtida, the snuff of a tallow candle, and tobacco. It is a plant which the Spaniards found in use among the Indians of this hemisphere. You all know what an ignorant, cruel and sensual people the early Spanish discoverers were. Well, if you had no other proof of their wickedness and folly, this alone would be sufficient,— that they killed the Indians, but spared the tobacco. Tobacco, then, was first used among barbarians,— a very fit and appropriate beginning. The polished and elegant Greeks never defiled themselves with it; nor did the strong Romans ever impair their strength by indulgence in it. It was wholly barbarian in its origin; and so we ought not to wonder that it gives such a strong odor of barbarism to all who use it.

Tobacco is a poison, most virulent and fatal. It is not poisonous to man only, but it will kill an ox or a horse. It will kill, not only when taken internally, but when applied externally. Make a strong decoction of it, and wash the body of one

of our domestic animals with it, and dry it in, or even apply it to the wild horse or the wild buffalo, and it will be followed by intense pain, shuddering and death. This is nature's testimony against it. Man seems to be the only one among all the animals, whose powerful and versatile nature has ever been subjugated and degraded to its use. So repulsive is it that all other animals, clean and unclean, loathe and abhor it, proving that man may make himself more unclean than any of them. I ought, however, to make one exception. The tobacco plant sometimes breeds a vile, bloated, squat, loathsome green worm, which lives on it and seems to love it. Man and this ugly green worm are the only creatures on earth that use Tobacco. And even here, the worm has the advantage of the man, for it is this latter only who renders himself doubly disgusting by using tobacco and rum together.

I said that Tobacco is a poison. In one of the Reports of Dr. Woodward, the

late excellent Superintendent of the Massachusetts Hospital for the Insane, at Worcester, when speaking of Tobacco as one of the causes of insanity, he quotes the opinions of a large number of the most eminent medical men of the world, who pronounce the same opinion. God probably gave it as a medicine to be used in very extreme cases, where all common remedies would fail. But when men take it habitually, they can no longer use it as a remedy; its commonness takes away its efficacy. If Tobacco be such a poison, then, one would suppose there must be something very attractive about it, which appeals to and seduces the senses, and takes men captive. But there is not. On the contrary, the Tobacco plant is a coarse, rank weed, without any variety of color, or grace of form. Its leaf is not glossy or delicate. Its smell is so repulsive, that when you come in contact with it, you jump one way and push the other. Its taste is acrid in the extreme. When first taken into the system, it produces nausea,

vomiting and a deadly sickness; and puts all the organs, whether vital or non-vital, into a perfect agony of effort to expel the invader. The heart beats to arms. The stomach cascades. The lungs pant. The eyes overflow with rheumy tears; the mouth with saliva; the nostrils with mucus, and the skin with offensive perspiration. Every organ is put on tenfold duty that the enemy may be driven out.

Tobaceo is highly injurious to the whole nervous system, and especially to the brain which is the organ of the mind. Those who indulge in its use, indeed, sometimes pretend that Tobacco does not injure the brain; but this must be in the sense of the anecdote told of the old woman, who asked her physician if snuff ever injured folk's brains. "Oh no, Madam," said he, "for folks who have any brains don't take it." Even the health and the constitution of children whose parents use it extravagantly, are affected by it.

Tobacco interferes with gentleman-

liness. A dirty, filthy, ill-savored man cannot be a perfect gentleman, and all men who use Tobacco are dirty. The smoker carries the musty stench of it in his clothes and in his breath for hours after his indulgences. You see the chewer watching his opportunity to eject his foul saliva on a lady's parlor floor, or in a carpeted pew, or in galleries of art; and how outrageously does he defile our stage coaches, steamboats and railroad cars. The snuff-taker scatters and blows his pungent particles into the faces of all bystanders and by-sitters, and sometimes at dinner, peppers their ice-cream and dessert. If nature had intended the nose as a dust-hole for snuff, I think she would have put it on the other end up. How infinitely absurd and preposterous are those rules of fashionable society, which put a ban upon one who would wear into a party a coat or a boot which is not in conformity with the fashion of to-day, (though it may be with that of yesterday or to-morrow,) but, at the same time, allows him to carry in a

revolting breath, or teeth all begrimed and beslimed, as a geologist would say, up to the tertiary formation and the diluvium, with black or yellow deposits, or tolerates an ammunition-box of tobacco fetor, — all of which are essentially at war with all cleanliness and all decency, not only to-day but forever.

It is remarkable that some persons who feel themselves inexorably debarred from other indulgences strive to find their compensation in extra allowances of this. It seems as though some clergymen, who acknowledge it to be a vice to use intoxicating drinks, mean to make up the difference in Tobacco. Within twenty years past, it has been my fortune to speak from a great number of pulpits in New England and other States. And scores of times, has the inquiry been forced upon me whether the inspissated carpet, or the defunct tobacco quids scattered over the pulpit floor or heaped up in its corners, were appropriate and comely appendages of the house of God. It surely would

require a great expenditure of holy water to purify the premises. Think of a self-styled pastor of the flock holding the snuffy caverns of his nose over the beautiful little lamb whom he sprinkles, or blowing the fetor of pipe, cigar, or quid into the innocent creature's face, as he pronounces the sacred words of benediction and baptism. I was once requested to deliver a Temperance address in a certain town in this Commonwealth, and on arriving at the place, I found the clergyman had set his face against my going into the pulpit, because, as he said, that was not a place to be desecrated to any such worldly purpose as a temperance lecture. Notwithstanding his opposition, however, he was overruled by his people, and I went in. But when I got into his pulpit, I thought I saw sufficient reason why he did not want a temperance man to be there, for it was the very Golgotha of tobacco quids.

Even if the use of Tobacco were decent and cleanly and otherwise innocent, its

costliness alone would render the indulgence criminal. For the single item of cigars alone, there is more money spent in these United States, every year, than for the education of the children in all its Common Schools. Yes, all the Common Schools in our whole Union, where we strive to transmute money into knowledge and virtue, do not equal in expense what is puffed and blown away to pollute God's pure atmosphere, every year of our lives, whilst two million of children are growing up in brutish ignorance around us. Now is he a Christian man, is he a benevolent or a patriotic man, who is not willing to forego his share of this dirty gratification in order to double the educational privileges of the youth of his country? All this, I say, is true of the expenditure for cigars alone. Add what it costs to keep two or three million pairs of jaws, and a million or two of noses in operation for chewing and snuffing, and what a spectacle to angels and men does this people, so boastful of its civilization, present.

Let any young man estimate only the average daily cost of maintaining this pernicious habit, and see what a large sum it and its interest would amount to for the average term of life, and if there be any particle of the worldly wisdom of Dr. Franklin in him he will never adopt the abominable practice, if he has not done so already; or, if he has the misfortune to have incurred it, he will spurn it from him immediately and for ever. I might find another argument against your ever becoming enslaved to this habit, and that is the difficulty of getting emancipated from it. A thousand men have broken iron fetters put upon their limbs for one who has ever redeemed himself from this bondage to his appetites.

I must not omit to allude to Misses as well as Masters in this connection, but I do not address the former to dissuade them from the filthy habit of using tobacco, for I rejoice in believing that it is a habit so contrary to cleanliness, to

decency, and to all notions of propriety and good taste, that with very few exceptions in this country, the female sex enjoy an immunity from it. But still they are hardly less interested in the abolition of the habit, than their companions of the other sex. Aside from their own personal exemption, they can never look forward to clean and pure households while the practice of using tobacco remains common to men. I have known a few young and unmarried men, who took pains to prevent their persons and their garments from turning State's evidence against them wherever they went; but I have rarely ever seen an old married smoker, chewer, or snuffer, who was not incorrigibly and disgustingly filthy in his dress and personal habits. Besides, does the mistress of the household and the superintendent of its table wish to trade with a grocer where the rice, and sugar, and tea, and butter, are deposited side by side with tobacco, and cigars, and snuff, to be handled by the same hands and perhaps

weighed in the same scales ; and does she wish to purchase chickens and sirloins of a market-man who holds all things common, and as a necessary consequence makes them all unclean ? In some places, more particularly at the South, I have seen mere boys, not more than ten or twelve years of age, with a great cigar sticking out of their mouth, — so young and small in comparison with this sign of their folly, that they should not be described as a boy with a cigar, but rather as a cigar with a boy. Now, my friends, whether you are younger or older, whether you are young Misses or young 'Ladies, you can do much, — perhaps every thing, — in dissuading your associates of the other sex from this pernicious practice, and in punishing them by your neglect, if your admonitions are unheeded. You can let every young man know that if he will have Tobacco in his mouth, he cannot have you by his side

FROM REV. MR. CHANNING.

A LETTER TO A LITTLE BOY ABOUT TOBACCO.

MY DEAR BOY:—I love children so much, that when I can, I do them all the good in my power. I love you, and so I write you a letter that I may tell you what sort of a boy I was; and thus keep you from doing whatever I did that was wrong. Little boys need to be looked after. If I had been told when I was a young chap like you, that it was wrong to chew and smoke Tobacco; had my parents only once said to me, “Son, never go with boys who do so. We shall be very sorry to hear that you have been guilty of the same thing;” I might have been kept from so bad a habit. They never spoke to me so, and so I went with all sorts of boys, and did as they did, except in one thing—I never learned to swear.

When I was only ten years old, I used to ride an old horse to pasture. One day as I was going along the road, I met a good sized boy who said, that now as I had learned to

ride a horse, I must learn to chew Tobacco, and then I should be called a *little man*. And then he took from a box a piece of black stuff, which he called pigtail, and cut off a very small piece which he told me to roll in a small piece of paper, and lay it between my gums and cheek ; and that when it became soft, and my mouth full of spittle, I must spit it out, and not let it run down my throat. Well, I, like a very silly boy, did as I was told. It was early in the month of April, when I was out in the field picking up stones and spreading manure, that I put the black stuff in my mouth. In a short time I felt very dizzy and sick. My head began to swim and turn round like a top ; and soon I fell down in a fit. It was nearly an hour that I lay upon the cold ground, before I was able to sit up and look about. I then crawled up on my knees and hands to the wall, and thought what a foolish and wicked boy I had been to do what I had done. I looked very pale all day ; and when I was asked at home, what was the matter ? I only said that I had been sick at my stomach.

In a few days I was well again and forgot my folly, and took another piece of Tobacco, having been told by the same boy that it never would hurt me again. From this time I quite run down. I was not so good a boy as I had been. I became dirty looking. My little clean shirt bosom was soiled every day. My teeth turned from pure white to dark yellow. Nobody cared to see me, for if it was in winter that I went to a neighbor's house, I was sure to spit upon the bright brass andirons; or if in summer to stain a nice sanded floor or a clean carpet!

One day I was told by a kind young man, that if I would not use any Tobacco for six months, he would make me a handsome present. He thought if I left off for so long a time I should forget all about it. I agreed to this offer. But instead of forgetting how it tasted, I kept thinking about it all the time, and how good it would taste when the six months were up. At that date I returned to my bad habit, and found I was a slave once more. Tobacco made me very nervous and cross, and feeble in health. My heart used

to beat so that you could almost hear it. About that time a very good man whom I met, seeing how sick I looked, advised me to abandon a habit that would certainly kill my body and my soul. And I did so, and have never used Tobacco from that day to this. After I gave up Tobacco, I found that my heart got quiet, ceased aching, and only beat very softly.

Now, my dear boy, I have told you what I did when I was a young lad, no older than you. How I made a fool of myself, and became very sick, that you may learn how to avoid my follies and be led to do what is right and good, and prove a better boy than I did. I wish you to take an old man's advice, which is, *never* to taste a piece of Tobacco, no, not the smallest piece, any more than you would taste poison ; for let me tell you that Tobacco is a poison. No matter how many boys may try to ruin you, don't listen to them. Run away from them as you would from a snake or a mad dog ; have nothing to do with them. Let me tell you that a boy who is seen smoking or chewing Tobacco, has not more

APPENDIX.

than one chance in ten that he will turn out a healthy and respectable man. Mind what I say now that you are young, and you will be sure to thank a friend when you arrive at manhood. If you never *begin* to do wrong, you will never have to LEAVE OFF. Mind this ! I remain,

Your Friend, &c.

FROM HON. NEAL DOW.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A SON AWAY FROM HOME, AT SCHOOL.

ANOTHER thing I wish to say to you, consider it well, because it is very important, whatever you may think of it now, AVOID TOBACCO IN EVERY SHAPE. You are not old enough yet to understand much about the effects of Tobacco upon the health and happiness of men ; but rely upon me, that my reasons are good for advising you, yes for *requiring* you to avoid entirely the use of

Tobacco. It is a poison, very powerful, and has a bad influence upon the health of those who use it. You will ask then why people use it at all? They do so because it is the fashion, or the custom. It is very disgusting at first to all persons; it makes them very sick. When they first begin to use it, the head swims with dizziness, accompanied with a dreadful nausea and vomiting; a cold sweat covers the body, and one feels under its influence, as if death would very soon come. But after many attempts, these effects become less and less painful by degrees, and at length pass away entirely.

But do you ask, why then will men learn to use Tobacco? I answer, *men* never acquire the loathsome and disgusting habit. You are astonished that I should caution you against a habit which I speak of as dangerous, and which men never acquire! This seems to be enigmatical to a boy like you, but is, nevertheless, perfectly true, almost without exception; it is loathsome, disgusting, unmanly; and no man ever would acquire it; this is always done by silly boys, who think that by

aping even the bad habits of men, they will themselves be manly !

Did you never see a group of boys out in a wood-house, or behind a barn, with a cigar among them, taking a whiff all around, and endeavoring to conceal from each other the disgust they felt ? Well, they were learning to be men, as they thought ! Did you never see a boy, having conquered his repugnance to Tobacco by many trials, strut about with a cigar in his mouth, endeavoring to attract attention to his uncommon manliness ? What do you suppose all men, even cigar smoking men, think of him ? They always think him a silly puppy for his pains, who richly deserves a whipping from his father. Tobacco-using men, cannot very easily give up the habit, which it took them so much trouble to acquire when boys ; *they are slaves to the habit*, but they always speak contemptuously of boys, who think to become men, by imitating their bad example.

There is no reason why this filthy habit of using Tobacco should be perpetuated ; it is very expensive, it tends to loss of time and

idleness, it is injurious to health, and tends to bad morals.

You will be tempted by your companions to contract this habit; but I wish you to have enough real manliness and energy of character, to refuse to engage in any practice of bad or doubtful tendency, because it is the fashion or the custom; judge what is right and proper, and adhere to it with a manly firmness. The chief blame of this tobacco-using habit, lies with parents who ought to warn their sons against it, and to forbid it as a disgusting, unhealthy and unmanly practice, always tending to evil. If you are solicited by your companions, to acquire this habit, you will refuse, quietly but firmly; assigning such reasons as you think proper, but this one is always sufficient, and I know you will regard it so, that your father has forbidden it.

Very affectionately, N. D.

LETTER FROM HON. AMOS LAWRENCE.

VENERABLE UNCLE TOBY: — When I was a school-boy, like other little fellows, I was anxious to be "*manly*" as the larger boys who "*chewed*;"

and by the advice of one took a “*quid*,” and kept it in till *I was very sick*, but *did not* tell my parents what the matter was ; and from that time to this (fifty-five years or more,) I have never *chewed, smoked, or snuffed!* But I served customers as a country *store boy* more than six years, and so much an epicure of tobacco in all its forms did I become, that I could not have made myself a better judge if I had made the study of it a profession ; in short, I enjoy the smell of it *to this day* as much as any man can *its use* ; and to this abstinence from its use, and (of rum) “*under God*,” I owe my present position in society. So much for my *Anti-Tobacco Habits*. Further, I have always given a preference for more than forty years to those persons I have employed that I knew avoided *Rum and Tobacco*, and my experience confirms me in the opinion that this *has been true wisdom* ; a preference is a profit, and the mass of those enjoying this preference will succeed in *their pursuit*. In the *twenty-five years of my active oversight of business, no one of the pupils in our mercantile business failed*. While within a less period, thirty-eight out of forty of the young men in a large mercantile concern within “*gun shot*” *failed!* Among those who served in A. & A. L.’s store, are *now many grey headed and*

rich old men, among the most respectable merchants in this country, and who are truly "*merchant princes*," and are honored as such; therefore, I may well advise *all lads to keep clear of Rum and Tobacco slavery*; thus ensuring for themselves a preference, all other things being equal.

"God speed you" in your good work, venerable and truthful Uncle Toby. So prays,

AMOS LAWRENCE.

Boston, Aug. 10, 1852.

Mr. L. gave 300 of this book to one public school.—AUTHOR.

FROM REV. MR. KIRK.

MY LITTLE FRIEND: — Tobacco is one of the nasty things that no wise person should ever think of putting in his mouth. The taste is very unpleasant. That is one of God's ways of saying to us: "I did not make it for you to eat or to suck." It is very hurtful to the health. If you should put a piece as large as a hazel-nut in your mouth for the

first time, in a few minutes your head would begin to feel very badly ; and then you would become sick. Well, that is God's way of saying again : " I did not intend you should eat it, or suck it." And yet you can get accustomed to it, and even come to like it. So men get accustomed to swearing and fighting ; but that is because God gives them up to their own chosen ways. But even then he does not cease to warn them. You will find the Tobacco chewer and smoker are slaves. They cannot easily give up Tobacco, even when they find out it is killing them. That is another of God's warnings. Man was made in God's image. God is free. He is above Tobacco and every other creature. But when man gets Tobacco so above him that he cannot give it up, then he has so far lost God's image, or ceased to be like his Heavenly Father.

Satan knows this ; and as he hates to have little boys resemble Christ, he tries every thing in his power to make them slaves to something. And you should know how he lays his plans, for as Solomon says, " surely

in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." Now I will show you his Tobacco net, so that you may know it. When I was a little boy, there was in our school a lad whom I will call Jim Thompson. He was a smart fellow, and all the other boys used to look up to him with respect. He wore his hat on one side of his head, and used to come on the play ground twisting a piece of Tobacco in his mouth, and talking in a very swaggering way. His father kept a smart horse, and smoked, and used large words, and Jim was trying to be like him. And he would come to school telling how many miles in an hour his father's horse trotted at the races. And as he had picked up a great many large words, and seemed to be so knowing and independent, so much of a man, that almost every little boy in the school thought he could not do any thing better than to be just as manly and smart as Jim was. And you would frequently see them clustering around him when he came on the play ground, listening to his talk. Then you might see them in other places trying to look just like him,

and talk like him. They felt larger than other boys whenever they could do this. Jim, you see then, was one of Satan's nets by whom he caught silly little boys. For the quid of Tobacco was one of the things that made Jim *manly* and *smart*. And many a poor little fellow would make himself sick in trying to keep the nasty thing in his mouth, just because he wanted to be big.

Now, if I have not wearied you, I will show you where you may find another of these nets of Satan. When I was a student in College, I had to pass by a tavern to go to and from my recitation. On the porch of that hotel, a number of well-dressed young men used to meet in the afternoons and evenings, and talk together. It always seemed to me very pleasant. It was social and cheerful; and they had an air of gentlemanly leisure and independence, and they seemed to enjoy their cigars so much, that it made me very anxious to smoke too. Well, that is another of Satan's nets. There is something very comfortable and soothing in the appearance of a man sitting as if he had nothing to

do, but just to suck a Tobacco stick, and roll the graceful smoke in gentle curls from his lips. Young friend, that is the bait to the hook ; just that comfortable, leisurely, independent air which so many smokers have. Take the word of one who has seen the end of some things, as well as the beginning, that is a bait on Satan's hook ; do not take it. If Solomon had lived in our day, I rather think he would have added a verse to that in Proverbs xxiii. 31, 32, and have written something substantially like this : "look not upon the curling wreaths of vapor as they come forth from the lips, graceful and odorous ; at the last they will be chains which no power can break."

Now take my advice, and look out for any Jim Thompson, and any genteel smoker, and whatever else is good about them, settle it in your mind, that Tobacco is not a part of it.

Your sincere Friend,

EDWARD N. KIRK.

Boston, May 3, 1852.

FROM HON. ORIN FOWLER.

MY DEAR NEPHEW. MASTER JOHN F.: — Your deceased father, though younger than myself, was my eldest brother. You are his youngest child. I loved him, and for his sake and for your sake, I love you. I am very anxious you should shun all bad company and all bad customs. In this letter I will mention one very bad custom which many boys begin early to indulge, because others indulge it, and because they think it will make men of them. It is the custom of using Tobacco, that foulest, dirtiest weed ever put into the mouth of mortals. Now, my dear John, I advise you never to use or touch this vile weed. I will give you six reasons for this advice.

First: The use of Tobacco will injure your health. Second: It will injure your mind. Third: It may lead to drunkenness and the ruin of your character. Fourth: It will waste your property. Some persons spend for Tobacco, in thirty years, money enough to buy a farm. Fifth: It will undermine your

constitution and may bring you to an early grave. Sixth: It may ruin your soul for ever.

For these good reasons, I hope you will remember now, never to meddle with Tobacco.

Your affectionate Uncle.

FROM REV. DR. HUMPHREY

MY DEAR BOY:— I feel a great interest in you, for your own and your parents' sake; and have been thinking, for a good while, of writing you a short letter about *Tobacco*. But what have you to do with Tobacco? Nothing, I hope, for it is a bitter and filthy poison. I can't bear to have your ruddy face and beautiful white teeth spoiled by smoking or chewing. *Smoking, eating*, what nothing but the awful great worms will ever touch, why it is enough to make an honest boy like you gag to think of it. I say it's poison, and don't touch it! Don't you touch it!! My dear boy, don't you touch it!!! Never,

never! There are quick poisons and slow poisons. Some kill folks right off, and some, like chewing and smoking, kill by slow degrees. Which do you think is worst? It costs a great deal more pain to be killed by inches, than by one stroke.

I have seen little fellows puffing their cigars along the streets, so young, that they ought to have been sent straight home, and whipped, or sent off to bed by their mothers, without any supper. If you have never seen them, you will; and they will say, "Come Tom, what signifies, take one of these cigars. It may make you a little dizzy at first, but you will soon get over that, and like it." Yes, there is the great danger. Sickening as it always is at first, you will after a while begin to like it, and hanker after it, just as folks learn to love rum and brandy, and get drunk, and quarrel, and don't "live out half their days." No, no; have nothing to do with such foul-mouthed chaps. Go right off and sign the pledge, that you will never smoke, or chew, any how. It can't possibly do you any good; but will do you a great deal of hurt,

just as true as the world. You may think that smoking a little once in a while, to keep other fellows company, can't hurt anybody, and that you can break off at any time. Just so the tippler thinks and says. A little, he insists upon it, does him good. When it begins to injure him, he will leave off. But he *can't*. His appetite craves it. The more he drinks, the more he wants to drink, just as the more shavings you throw on to the heap, the fiercer it will burn.

So it is with chewing and smoking Tobacco. It is as hard for one to break himself of it, as it is of drinking. So they tell me ; and O how sorry they are, that they ever saw a quid, or a pipe, or a cigar in their lives.

You, my dear S., wish to be a *man*, — not merely to grow up with other boys, and be as tall as any of them ; but to grow up without any bad habits ; to keep your fine health and spirits, your clear and fresh complexion, your bright eye ; you wish to be a man, a *gentle man* in the true sense ; and not a dingy, puffing, slobbering, rank-smelling slave of the rankest, vilest weed that ever polluted human

lips. Eschew Tobacco then, my brave boy, not *chew*, but *eschew*, as your little dictionary has it. "Touch not, taste not, handle not." It will make you look more like Tobacco, than like white folks. It will cost money, which you want for better uses. It will make you *dry*, and you will pretty soon want something stronger than water, to quench your thirst. You will be tempted next to take the bottle ; and then, who can tell but you will die a drunkard. More boys and young men, than could be buried on a thousand acre lot, have just in this way been led on, step by step, to ruin. If they had never smoked nor chewed, they would never have drank.

"But men," you will say, "good men, and such as you hear called great men, both chew and smoke." Yes, and I am very sorry for it ; and so are they. You can't tell how many of them wish that somebody had warned them against it, as I do you, and persuaded them never to touch the vile stuff, except to kill ticks and bed-bugs. Would you be such a slave to the dirty habit as they are ?

You are now *free*. You don't like the

taste, nor the smell of Tobacco at all. You see how troublesome and disgusting the use of it is in older boys and in men. You are clear, and the only thing is to keep clear. This will cost you nothing. It's wrong, it's wicked, to eat, or drink, or use anything which destroys health, hurts the brain, or leads to other ruinous indulgences. God has given you a good constitution to be taken care of; and you are old enough to understand that if you poison your body and mind with Tobacco, or any thing else which was never made for any such use, God will be angry with you, and punish you for it, sooner or later.

Let me, in conclusion, just glance at my own experience. I can just remember, that when I was a much smaller boy than you are, I one day got hold of my grandmother's old pipe, and took a few whiffs which made me sick. I believe I vomited. It was enough, any how. I have never taken a pipe since. I have never smoked a cigar, nor tried to, though often tempted. A quid of tobacco never entered my mouth, nor with my consent ever will.

But I see that my short letter is becoming a long one, and so I hasten to close it. Tobacco, Tobacco in any form, "any how you can fix it," what an abomination for a boy to indulge himself in! As the use of it is spreading to an alarming extent, you will be tempted to go with the multitude, but you must not yield. That you may not, is the prayer of your friend, and your father's friend,

H. HUMPHREY.

Pittsfield, May 12, 1852.

FROM P. T. BARNUM, ESQ.

MY DEAR BOYS:—I would like to say a few words to you on

TOBACCO AND ITS USES.

Tobacco needs but little said to convince boys of its deleterious nature. It is a species of poison, which cannot be mistaken for any palatable and delicious ingredient. Many boys have doubtless heard the story of a bear

who once chanced to come across a field of Tobacco. He only saw the pale flowers and smelt their nauseous perfume, but he turned up his nose and cantered away. The boy who loves Tobacco, will, ten chances to one, make a tippler; he cannot indulge a taste so unnatural without being led into other unnatural habits. He only wants the peculiar coat and cravat, to make him a dandy. He needs only the gait and air of a dandy to make him a smoker. He only requires the unpromising expression of a dandy to make him a commentary upon the uses of this nauseous weed, which God only designed for the poorest worm* in all the wide creation.

My little boys, do not let the example of the poorest worms of *humanity* lead you into such temptation. It can never give you satisfaction, for the more you smoke, chew, or snuff, the more you will wish to, and like the poor inebriate, you will at last become an outcast in the fold of Truth. Constant chewing or smoking, destroys the natural taste and love

* A small white worm is the only living thing that naturally loves Tobacco.

of fruit, and other delicious productions of nature. Constant snuffing destroys the sense of smell, and deprives us of the delights of inhaling the fragrance of flowers, &c., which God has provided for our enjoyment.

Let me entreat you to be careful how you venture upon the forbidden ground, where Tobacco finds its growth. You will find it a place of magnetic influence, and when you would turn to come away, your feet will be stayed.

You will find it a place of human misery, where thousands lie unable to break the shackles that bind them. You will find it a place of human disappointment, where many leave for Death.

Truly your well-wisher,

P. T. BARNUM.

Iranistan, Bridgeport, Conn., April, 1852.

FROM REV. DR. WOODS.

I who write this, have long had a hearty love for *little boys*. I have had four sons, and I remember when they were little boys ; and I have many grand-sons, most of whom are now little boys. And I am acquainted with a great many others, and there are multitudes whom I have never seen ; and I have learned to think with kind feelings of boys, wherever they are, as though they were my own. I should love to see you together, and to tell you how much I think of you, and how sincerely I desire your happiness. But, as I cannot have an opportunity for this, I shall write you a short letter. And I wish each one of you to feel that I write the letter to you.

Now, dear boys, what I wish is, that you may be good boys — truly good ; that you may in all things do what is right, and shun what is wrong. I wish I could tell you how beautiful and lovely good boys appear to me, and how happy their goodness will make them.

But I intend to speak to you particularly

on one thing, that is, the use of that poisonous weed, called *Tobacco*. And now, dear boys, grand-children, and others, hearken to me, while I tell you what is in my heart.

Seventy years ago I was a little boy seven years old, like some of you ; and sixty-seven years ago I was ten years old, like others of you. Since that time I have thought much and have tried to think right about the subject on which I now speak. Will you listen to me a few moments ?

Well, then, when I was a boy like you, I was tempted by a naughty fellow to taste Tobacco. But I found it to be disagreeable, and hateful, and I learned that it was poisonous ; and tasting it once was enough for me ! I was afterwards with those that smoked, and they wished me to join with them ; but I refused. I have never used Tobacco in any way. And how glad I am, that I have been kept from that evil thing ! I have rejoiced in it a thousand times. It has been a great matter to me, that I was not made a slave to that vile appetite. I say a *slave* ; for Tobacco is not only a poisonous, but a deceit-

ful thing ; it is a tyrant ; and it makes men *slaves*, and binds them in chains which it is very hard for them to break. And I say again : how glad I am that I did not make myself a slave to such a deceiving, cruel master as Tobacco ! Now, my dear boys, I do want you to keep yourselves away from that poisonous, filthy, cruel thing. If anybody asks you to chew or smoke it, say No. It is unmanly — it is filthy, to use it. Tell him, that it is beneath you, — that you despise it. If you do this, you will always be glad ; and it will be an honor to you. I know multitudes of sensible, healthy, useful, and respectable men, who never used Tobacco ; and they all rejoice that they have been kept from it. And so will you, if you follow their example.

But you ask whether I have not known some who have used Tobacco. I am sorry to say, I have. Some of my brothers, and some of my nephews, and many of my friends, have made use of it. And how has it been with them ? Why, a part of them have been convinced that it is a bad and hurtful thing, and have given it up. It was a hard and painful

work for them to break away from their wretched habit. It cost them a dreadful struggle. But they have done it, and are now free. And they will all tell you, they are exceedingly glad. They are sorry, and rather ashamed, that they ever used that vile Indian weed; but they sincerely rejoice that they are now rid of it; and if they could speak to you, they would advise you never to touch the poisonous, filthy thing. They have tried it, and they know it is a vile, filthy, shameful thing. Dear boys, be sure to avoid it.

But multitudes still use it. And no one can tell how dreadfully it enslaves them,— how much money it costs,— how offensive it is to others, especially to ladies,— how it injures their health, what diseases it brings upon them, and how many it deprives of reason,— how it blunts their senses, and stupefies their conscience, and what slaves it makes them. How sad it is to live and die in such a state!

Now, dear little boys, and larger boys too, do *begin right*. Guard against the vile, slav-

ish habit of using that noxious, filthy weed, and show those who are slaves to their unnatural appetite, how much more manly and noble little boys can be, than *they* are. Keep yourselves clean from every vice; for every vice is shameful; and cultivate every good and virtuous habit, for every good habit is noble, and lovely, and happy.

Dear boys, it is not likely that I shall ever speak to you again. I therefore bid you an affectionate farewell. And remember, that he who has written you this little letter, is your loving friend,

LEONARD WOODS.

Andover, April 23, 1852.

FROM GERRITT SMITH ESQ., N. Y.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I could have wept, the other day, when I saw you smoking a cigar. Only fourteen years old, and already at work to poison your body and poison your

soul with Tobacco ! Oh, this is sad indeed !

My dear boy, you see not what is before you. If you did, you would be appalled ; and you would fall upon your knees, and entreat your Heavenly Father to save you from the wasteful, filthy, wicked practice, of using Tobacco.

Do not excuse yourself by saying, that some great and good men use Tobacco. The great and good men who do so, are in danger of sinking into very little and very wicked men, before they die.

Tobacco and Rum ! What terrible twin brothers ! What mighty agents of Satan ! What a large share of the American people they are destroying ! I love my children,— and because I love them, I had rather bury them, than see them defile themselves with Rum or Tobacco.

As Paul said to Timothy, so say I to you : “Keep thyself pure.” Be clean in your person, and be clean in your heart. But, depend upon it, you can be neither if you use Tobacco. Your friend,

GERRITT SMITH.

FROM DR. GEORGE HOYT.

20 WINTER STREET.

MY DEAR LAD:—Have you ever been told what terrible evils result from the use of Tobacco? I presume you have not; because lads of your tender years, especially when living at a distance from the “paternal roof,” seldom converse on the subject with those who understand it; and can hardly be supposed to have learned it ~~from~~ books.

But you are now old enough to see through the “smoke.” You are nearly fifteen years old, and if you have escaped the contagious influence of example, especially in the use of cigars, you have certainly been most fortunate. To *know* that you are *free*, having neither the disposition to use, or the desire to taste the vile stuff, makes me very happy.

But to fortify your mind *fully* against its seductive influence, you must understand some of the *reasons* which may be urged for *eschewing* it. Having learned them, hold them fast. They must, however, necessarily be brief,—a letter will not admit of a lengthy discussion.

Besides, though I take great pleasure in writing to you at all times, and upon all subjects which have thus far come beneath my pen, yet the *name*, *Tobacco*, embodies so much that is filthy and nauseous, offensive and disgusting, that to dwell upon it is exceedingly unpleasant.

What I propose, then, is to tell you some of the personal evils or dangers which arise from its use, and to show the manner in which they come upon us.

Those who make a liberal use of this *drug*, in every form, unless they use counteracting agents, such as rum, gin, brandy, &c., are generally *pale* and *sallow*. Why? Because the narcotic power of *Tobacco* weakens the capillary vessels of the skin, so they will circulate but little red blood. Besides this loss of power in the vessels, the *blood* loses a part of its vitality, and is less red. This condition always attends impaired digestion, or the introduction into the circulation of poisonous matter. The *sallow, leaden* color of some persons is caused by deposits on what we call the true skin, beneath the cuticle, of impurities "strained" from the blood.

The subjects of Tobacco are usually thin of flesh, — “poor,” as we say. Why? Because it interferes with digestion. The action of the stomach is weakened, and the juices there formed are of an inferior quality. Consequently, when food is taken, the combination is deficient in the elements of blood. Here is seen the want of material for flesh. Poor food, or imperfect digestion makes blood of inferior quality, — not having within himself the means of making flesh, the individual wastes away. A while since I met a gentleman, about fifty years of age, who had refrained from the use of Tobacco a little more than four months, whose weight had increased twenty-five pounds.

It brings a trembling hand quite similar to a drunkard’s. Why? Because Tobacco is equally injurious to the nerves and muscles as to the blood. A nerve furnishes the stimulus which moves the muscle. If then both *nerve* and *muscle* be poisoned by Tobacco, the power of motion becomes unsteady, and consequently the limb trembles. If you poison the fountain you corrupt the stream also.

It is a prominent, probably a *chief* cause of the sudden deaths which happen among men. Why? Because the heart is a muscle. It is lean meat,— and gets the *power* to *beat* and *pulsate* from the nerves as I have just told you. It is kept in continual action by the stimulus of the blood. When this terrible poison has worked its way into the *blood*, the *nerves* and *muscles*, including, of course, the *heart*, as Tobacco always does when used, then the heart begins to beat irregularly. It *palpitates*, just as the hand trembles; and folks say they have "*heart disease*." After a time it stops, refuses to beat at all, and the foolish lover of Tobacco dies,— a victim of a useless, loathsome habit.

Do you ask why all men who use it, do not die? There are several answers to this question. One reason lies in the perspiration,— a man who sweats *much* will throw off the poison through the pores of the skin very rapidly. Probably a good share of what is imbibed into the system, is thrown out again by this class of persons. Hence, the laboring classes are more safe in its use than those of

delicate and sedentary habits. There is also a constitutional difference among men. One has a strong resisting power against all poisons, — another is very susceptible. What may destroy one man, the next will scarcely feel ; and we find all the shades of imaginable difference, from the lion frame of a mountain forester, to the *delicate, sensitive, nervous, debilitated* disciple of fashion and folly.

Thus I might prove to you *how* Tobacco causes inflammation of the throat, and spoils the voice, gets disease into the tubes leading to the lungs ; how it brings sleepless nights, irritable minds, fiery passions, impaired judgement, loss of memory, &c., &c. But I think I have written you enough for the present.

Be a good nephew, and profit by the advice of

Your affectionate friend,
Geo. Hoyt.

Boston, June 3, 1852

AN APPEAL OF REV. MR. TRASK,

*To the Clergy, the Spiritual Guardians of
American Lads: who have many thousands like Billy Bruce in the flocks committed to their care.*

FATHERS AND BRETHREN: — Permit me, a fellow laborer in the vineyard, to address you in the fewest words I can command, on a theme to which I have devoted considerable attention; I refer to Tobacco, as used in fashionable forms all over our land.

I believe this subject has special claims on your consideration, as ministers of Christ, who professedly minister for the salvation of men, whom I have not a doubt this narcotic is destroying upon a broad and fearful scale. I believe the evidence is mournfully conclusive, that it is weaving Death's winding sheet around the souls of multitudes, of multitudes of young men, in a special sense. I shall present a mere outline of thought, which I should be glad to fill up and enlarge upon, if necessary, and if brevity were not so desirable.

Respecting the *Cultivation, Commerce, and Cost* of Tobacco, I rely on statistics of *Macgregor*, and on the report of the Secretary of the *Treasury*, for the year 1851.

We export Tobacco to 22 nations or provinces of the earth; we import it from 21. The value of exports is \$9,219,251. The value of imports (cigars only) \$2,520,812. We cultivate Tobacco in 28 of the States and Territories of the Union; the cultivation is on rapid increase. In 1851, we raised 199,522,494 lbs. National consumption 100,000,000 lbs. Cost to the consumers, \$20,000,000. New York city pays \$10,000 a day for cigars; \$8,500 for bread.

On the authority of Dr. Coles I would add, the American Church annually expends \$5,000,000 on this vile narcotic, and less than \$1,000,000 on benevolent objects, or for the conversion of the world.

In 1840 we employed 1,500,000 men in the cultivation and manufacture of Tobacco, and many more at the present time. .

Respecting the nature and effects of Tobacco, I rely chiefly upon the testimony of

chemists and physicians of Europe, and in our own land. I repose some confidence, moreover, in what I have seen, heard, and know.

The use of Tobacco clearly constitutes a violation of the laws of life. Physiologically and philosophically considered, the use of it is a violation of physical, intellectual, and moral life.

With respect to its action on the body, it evidently injures the teeth, the voice, and breath. It squanders the liquids of life, and thereby brings on biliousness, a sunken cheek, a cadaverous eye, a discolored skin, debility, trembling joints, and has power enough to load the system from crown to foot with disease. In the estimation of such authorities as Rush, Waterhouse, Twitchell, and others, it often leads to apoplexy, epilepsy, palsy, heart complaints, cancers, and sudden deaths. Respectable physicians have said, that not less than some 20,000 annually die among us, by the use of this narcotic.

It injures the mind. This it does, if we understand the matter : 1. by its intense activity and insidious power as a poison ; 2. by its

direct bearing on the *nervous* arrangement. In other words, mind is connected with nerves — nerves are brought into intimate connection with this narcotic, and are excited and exasperated by its power ; and hence mind is so disturbed, pressed and urged onward beyond what is *natural* or *endurable*, — that it often breaks down, as an over-driven animal, or an over-driven engine breaks down upon the road. The evils inflicted are *variously* developed. Sometimes they appear in the forms of a treacherous memory, clouded perceptions, weak judgement, cowardice, irritability, idiocy and delirium ; and sometimes in the mournful overthrow and *eclipse* of reason, and *outright insanity*. Asylums for the insane, far and near, eloquently sound out notes of alarm respecting its disastrous action on intellect.

Tobacco injures the soul. This it does both *directly* and *indirectly*. 1. It is an intoxicating, mortal, deadly drug ; and, as such, it may *stupify* the moral sensibilities, and shroud the soul in the slumbers of spiritual apathy, very much as this is done by alcohol and opium. The Patagonians, it is said, habitually

get *drunk* on Tobacco. Churches in the Sandwich Islands *discipline* members for getting *drunk* on Tobacco ; and there is not a doubt, but that by drugging the soul, it neutralizes the influences of the Gospel upon vast multitudes, especially the young.

It injures *indirectly*. It *demoralizes* in manifold ways. It is notoriously an ally of alcohol. It wastes time, property, health and strength, and becomes an idol to ten thousand thousand votaries, and often assumes that place in the soul which belongs to God only.

In view of this evil, presented in so brief a manner, permit me to ask, what can be done ? This enquiry, I apprehend, is as fitly propounded to you, my Brethren, as it can be to any body of men on the globe.

Your attainments, your profession and standing, give weight to all you say and do ; your post is at the very fountains of influence, you shape public morals and manners, and to you are committed, in an eminent sense, the destinies of millions of rising youth ! If there is power anywhere, it is with you. If there is responsibility anywhere, it is with you, —

and therefore, if there is duty anywhere, it is with you. Hence, I repeat the enquiry, what can be done ? It has been said, that “ when we know not what to do, we should not do we know not what.”

Happily, we do, or may know, what to do touching the evil before us.

That we may meet the point clearly and at once, I remark, that we wish for no Legislation touching this abomination. There are many reasons for this, though we will name but one, viz: *there is little or no conscience or moral sensibility respecting it, in State or Church*, that would sustain Legislation, if obtained ; and to legislate in such a case, is like building upon sand, or upon airy nothing.

We need no acrimonious zeal, nor furious blasts, or counterblasts, from thrones or pulpits ; and we utterly misjudge, if sneers, sport, and ribaldry are becoming the ministers of Christ, when dealing with a sin which may be seriously affecting the present and future welfare of millions of fathers and sons, far and near, many of whom are besotted, it may be, whilst under the very voice of our ministry.

We need the naked truth respecting this grave matter ; this will be heard, and this our Divine Master will bless ; and in view of truth, we may soon learn, that the time to simply laugh has passed away, and the time to act has come.

Ministerial intellect, science, and moral energy, should be brought to bear upon this momentous subject, and be assured, such investigation would bring up to the surface of this ocean of iniquity, strange things,—impure and horrible things. Such a process upon the face of society would reveal one prolific cause of abounding miseries in relation to bodies and minds, and present a spectacle of corruption as impressive, as though you were to enter some grave yard, and lift up three or four feet of earth from the surface. Clear away the smoke, the smoke of the battle which Tobacco is waging upon man, and we shall see the dying and the dead all around us.

Let clergymen take this subject *seriously* in hand, and it would create individual and public conscience, wake up the nation and the church, and bring on a crisis like the

Temperance crisis, and exorcise, from the body politic, this huge ally of Alcohol, this progeny of the pit.

The mode of action, I conceive, requires no special originality. The *quo modo* is obvious. We need not look far. We have model reformers as precedents.

Action should be both individual and social.

What, then, have we individually, personally, to do in this matter? It is plain, I think, that each minister who uses this narcotic as a luxury, can and should drop it; and his example will be his first and most influential step in measures of reform.

Each, it is fair to presume, *can* govern his own household; hence, he should banish the nuisance from his own premises.

Each in his own way can bring the truth to bear against this immorality, as well as against other immoralities; and that brother, I imagine, is not very rich in gifts, who can bring nothing from the great store house of the Bible against a lust so manifestly at war with the soul.

It is true the whole Bible he might use in

“

assailing a habit so impure, expensive and useless ; but in his straits he might read certain passages in Leviticus to certain gentlemen who chew the cud in the HOUSE OF WORSHIP ; and if that does not answer the purpose, he might hurl the whole of that venerable economy, an economy of physical purity, upon them as an avalanche.

Individual influence, individual action, is peculiarly effective. It begins with our own persons, then moves as a friendly wave over the family, over the parish, over schools, towns, counties, and states ; it is precisely that which is requisite to meet this enormous evil, and such as all can exercise. It is not utopian, but practical, direct, pungent, and does the work. There may be *social action* ; the use of this poison is in many aspects a social vice, and measures to eradicate the use of it may assume social forms.

We are not indeed prepared to specify any particular form of organized effort ; still, such effort is evidently feasible, and indispensable in successfully coping with an evil of such magnitude ; an evil so completely entrenched in the vitals of the State and Church.

It is not to be expected that a reform pointedly in conflict with the most tenacious habit known in the history of our race, a habit which holds the vast majority in fascinating and bewitching bondage, can become popular in a day, or move onward unaided with a momentum of its own.

Neither should it be expected that individuals, men in humble circumstances, unpaid, uncheered by others, can breast this herculean evil, with any flattering hope of success.

There is much public work that should be done. Schools, colleges, clerical and medical associations should be addressed, and their co-operation solicited in this movement. Lectures may be delivered; tracts written; public journals fed with pertinent articles, statistics collected,—statistics respecting the terrific increase in its cultivation, manufacture, and traffic. In a word, a world of work is to be done, which, in current language, calls for “material aid,” together with the social and hearty co-operation of every patriot, and every Christian.

The evil is great, in a peculiar and obvious

form,— it is becoming alarmingly so. Our young men and lads are becoming thoroughly poisoned, and either reform or a marked depreciation of the race must inevitably ensue.

But we despond not, for there is hope. Individual and social effort, well directed, of one half the amount, which has been expended upon Alcohol, I think, with the blessing of God, would thrash this mountain of evil till it shall become a plain, and that at no very distant time.

TESTIMONY OF D. J. A. ENGLISH.

I HAVE said it was not surprising that we had so many dyspeptics, when the stomach was so awfully abused by diet, drink, and Tobacco. And I assure you that Tobacco has no little to do with it. Is it astonishing that it should be so detrimental to human health? Tobacco is one of the most powerful narcotic poisons which we have. It is a most

prompt and deadly sedative. A small portion taken in the system has been known to extinguish life in a few minutes. It is the most powerful agent in the hands of the physician, when he desires to produce relaxation of the body.

Three years ago, I chewed my two pounds a month, besides luxuriating in a regalia at least three times a day. I commenced chewing Tobacco when I was a little school-boy. I was careful to conceal it from my parents, who, had they known it, would have punished me severely, (and I would have deserved it, too.) I then thought as I have no doubt many boys do now, that it was manly to chew tobacco. I recollect well the first chew that I ever took. A boy named Joe Thompson gave it to me. Joe was an old stager, and used to the business. I commenced chewing it and spitting as far as Joe himself; but in a short time I began to feel a little queer about the stomach, and in a few minutes the cold sweat began to roll off me, and I turned pale and became deathly sick at the stomach. This attracted the schoolmaster's attention.

He asked what was the matter with me. I told him I was sick, and I assure you it was no lie. I felt as if I was about to give up the ghost; I became blind, and almost insensible. While in this state of extatic beatitude, I thought if the Lord would forgive me for taking that chew I would never take another, but like many promises made under affliction, we forget or disregard them as soon as we are well.

No one but my friend Joe knew the cause of my illness. Oh! if my schoolmaster had known the cause, instead of the sympathy he manifested for me, I would have caught twenty-five with a keen hickory. Schoolmasters whipped boys in those days.

But to return from this digression. I chewed and smoked Tobacco until about three years ago. For many years previous to this time, I suffered with a continued uneasy gnawing sensation about the pit of the stomach; my appetite was precarious, generally a poor one. I would wake in the morning with a furred tongue, and a horrible taste in my mouth. Upon slight physical exertion

my hands would tremble like an old toper's who had his morning dram. I had no appetite for breakfast; food was almost loathsome at this meal. I felt as sore as though I had been beaten. I was incapable of much physical exertion; I slept unsoundly, being troubled with what is vulgarly called the nightmare; I was frequently gloomy and desponding, and although the ills afflicting me were sufficiently serious, I was disposed to magnify them greatly. I suffered from heart-burn, oppression in the region of the stomach, and numerous other unpleasant symptoms too tedious to detail. After several years' argument, I succeeded in convincing myself that all these evils were caused by the use of Tobacco, and after a dreadful mental struggle I resolved to quit it. I did so. The result was, that in a week or two, my afflictions vanished as if by enchantment, and I am now more than twenty pounds heavier than when I left off the use of Tobacco.

Perhaps many of you are ready to exclaim, "O, nonsense! I have been using Tobacco these twenty years, and it has never injured

me.' Well, be it so; I have only stated facts, and if they do not apply to your case, so much the better for you. But I conscientiously believe that next to whiskey, Tobacco is the greatest cause of chronic ailments amongst us.

TESTIMONY OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

IN my early youth I was addicted to the use of Tobacco in two of its mysteries, smoking and chewing. I was warned by a medical friend of the pernicious operation of this habit upon the stomach and the nerves; and the advice of this physician was fortified by the results of my own experience. More than thirty years have passed away since I deliberately renounced the use of Tobacco in all its forms; and although the resolution was not carried into execution without a struggle of vitiated nature, I never yielded to its impulses; and in the space of three or four months of

self-denial, they lost their stimulating power, and I have never since felt it as a privation.

I have often wished that every individual of the human race afflicted with this artificial passion, could prevail upon himself to try but for three months the experiment which I have made ; sure that it would turn every acre of Tobacco land into a wheat field, and add five years of longevity to the average of human life.

ONE OF A THOUSAND.

We clip this notice from an advertisement of Messrs. Moore and Chester, wholesale and retail Grocers, N. E. corner 8th and Walnut sts., Cincinnati.

“ NO TOBACCO OR SPIRITS SOLD IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT ! ” Is it possible, brethren ? What, no Tobacco ? Can it be ? We have heard of Temperance taverns and hotels, Temperance groceries and boarding establishments, but when and where did we ever hear of the

exclusion of Tobacco ? Glorious ! sound it out, let it fly, let it ring from pole to pole. "No Tobacco!" Indeed, this is coming up to the times ; who will go it ; who will say Temperance ; who on the Lord's side ; who ? Talk of Temperance taverns, hotels, groceries, and sell Tobacco quids, pipes, and all the paraphernalia satanic ! Nonsense ! What species of intemperance more gross, sensual, mind and soul destroying, than this chewing, snuffing, smoking, dipping, and spitting the poisonous "Indian weed" called Tobacco, which no living creature will touch or taste, save the tobacco-worm and a two legged animal called man ! And the man who traffics in this article of poison is but a step, a single step, behind the grog seller and grog drinker. He furthers the cause of intemperance, misery, and death ; is a partaker of other men's sin's, and is verily guilty in the sight of Heaven ! Man, have you erected the sign of "Temperance" in front of your house, tavern or grocery, and sell Tobacco ? take it down, it is *false* ; take it down, *quick*.

Take down your sign board ; *down with it.*

DEAR READER:—In kindness, clip out a Pledge, prefix it to some blank page, and circulate it for signatures. In so doing, you will promote an important cause, and much oblige,

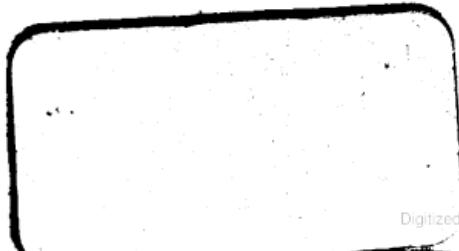
SIMEON TOBY.

ANTI-TOBACCO PLEDGE.

We, the Subscribers, believing the use of Tobacco, whether in the form of Smoking, Snuffing, or Chewing, to be uncleanly, unhealthy, and expensive, hereby pledge ourselves to abstain from its use totally and for ever.

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